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EX-LIBRIS
MEREDITH
FRANK MARTIN '18

FRANK MARTIN '18
BRINGING LIBERTY NEARER

Free-born to peace and justice,
We stand to guard and save
The liberty of manhood,
The faith our fathers gave.
Then soar aloft, Old Glory,
And tell the waiting breeze
No law but Right and Mercy
Shall rule the Seven Seas.

MARY PERRY KING

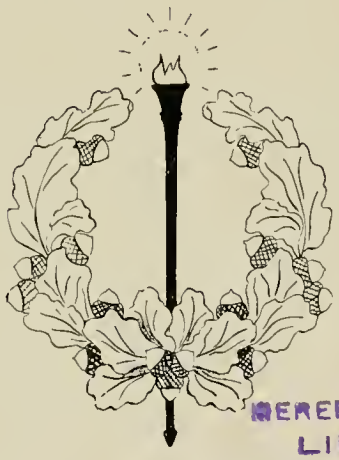
1917

He took his bright sword from the wall,
Upon his chieftain's plea,
And through a chill and blood-red dawn
Set sail across the sea.

They put his trophies in my hand,
All golden though they be,
What are they? I only know
He came not back to me.

1918
OAK LEAVES

VOL. 15—MCMXVIII



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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

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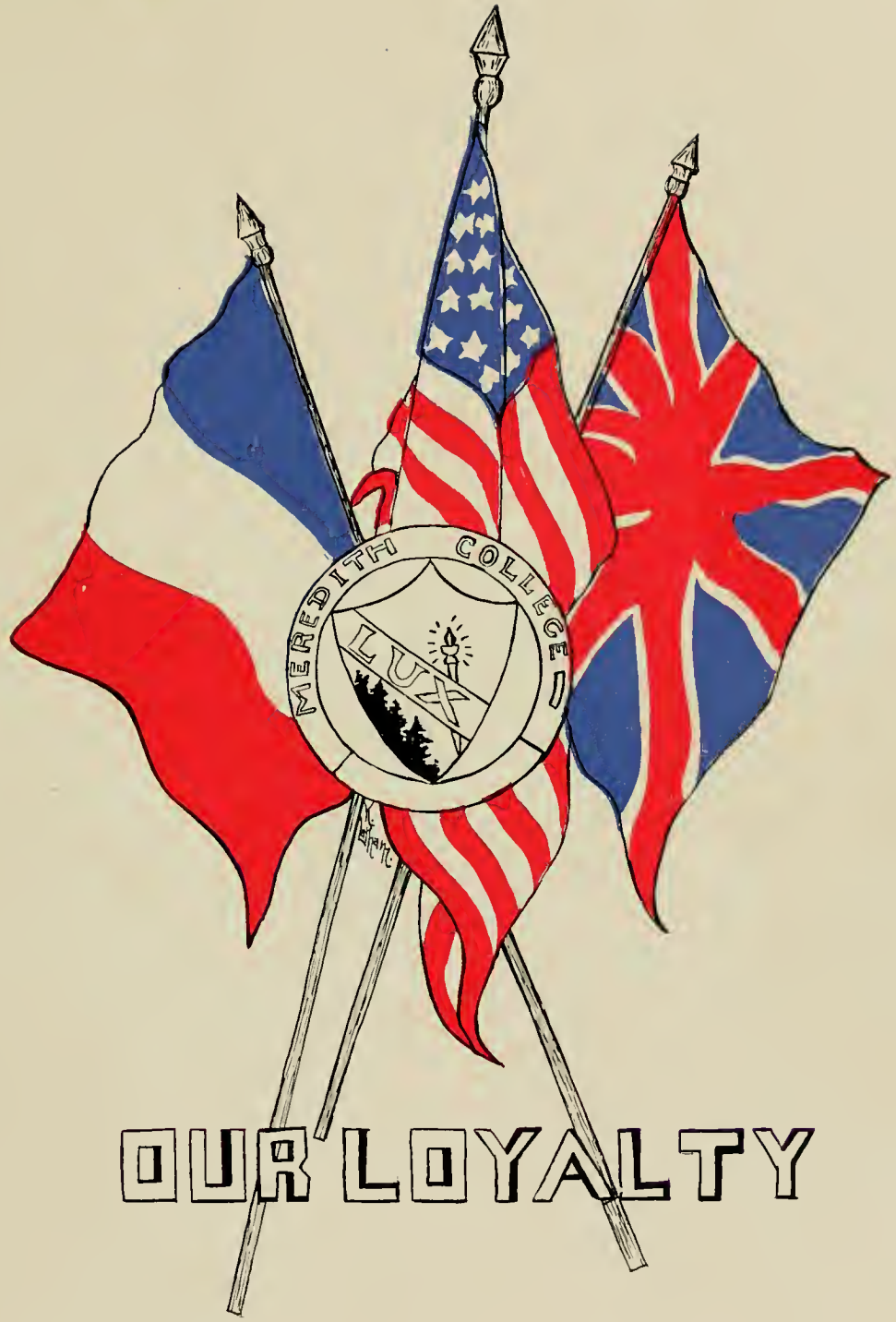
Here's to the red of it,
There's not a thread of it
Nor a shred of it,
In the whole spread of it,
From top to head,
But heroes bled for it,
Faced shell and lead for it,
Precious blood shed for it,
Bathing it red.

Here's to the white of it.
Thrilled by the sight of it,
Who knows the right of it
But feels the might of it
Through day and night?
Womanhood's care for it
Made manhood dare for it.
Purity's prayer for it
Keeps it so white.

And here's to the blue of it,
Heavenly view of it,
Star-spangled hue of it,
Honesty's due of it,
Constant and true.
Here's to the all of it,
Stars, stripes, and pole of it—
Red, White and Blue.

MRS. WILLIAM ROGERS CHAPMAN



OUR LOYALTY

6158

TO

Susan Elizabeth Young

WHOSE EARNEST, ACTIVE SERVICE AS A TEACHER HELPED TO GUIDE
MEREDITH THROUGH THE FIRST EIGHTEEN YEARS OF HER EXIST-
TENCE; WHOSE LOVE AND SYMPATHY EVER ENCOURAGED
US IN ALL OUR INTERESTS; AND WHOSE GENTLE,
WOMANLY INFLUENCE AND INSPIRATION
WILL LINGER LOVINGLY IN THE LIFE
OF THE COLLEGE AND HER STU-
DENTS, THIS BOOK IS
AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

Editorial

Today has come, the day of days, the day when all secrets are disclosed. No longer will the Oak Leaves be hurried around the corner tucked insultingly under some one's arm; no longer will its sensitive pages be crushed and twisted to escape inquisitive eyes. Today belongs to the Oak Leaves—the day when it will reveal all the impressions photographed on its surface, and all reflections, potent or trivial, which have passed before its magic lens.

The Oak Leaves has tried to photograph the life and atmosphere of our College—her work, play, and ideals. It has watched these grow and expand to include the work, interests, and ideals of the age, and a vision of what they signify. It has seen that our College has not lagged behind; that she has been a true, loyal daughter of our united people. As the Age has sacrificed, so has our College; as it has broadened its vision, as it has emphasized love of country, so has our Alma Mater been imbued with the spirit of patriotism. She has been a faithful supporter of Truth, Justice, and Freedom; she has linked herself with the permanent forces of life. But this is not all. She has kept her love of simple, beautiful things; she has encouraged and rejoiced in the youth of her daughters—their fun, joys, and pastimes. The Oak Leaves has felt all this and more, and has tried to engrave it distinctly on its pages for the benefit of her daughters if they should forget their mother in the busy days to come. This is the service which the Oak Leaves wishes to render as a token of love for the Alma Mater, and it will offer it gladly whenever the watchword, *Happy Memories*, is given.

Carmen Rogers
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Mary B. Ashcraft
Junior Editor

Dorothy Bland
Sophomore Editor

French Haynes
Business Manager

Mary Norwood
Asst. Business Mgr.

Hettie Farrior
Art Editor

Earla Ball
Asst. Editor-in-Chief

Madeline Higgs
Junior Editor

Frances Johnston
Sophomore Editor

Contents

I. The College

II. The Classes

III. The Organizations

IV. College Life

The College

Alma Mater

We salute thee, Alma Mater, we salute thee with a song,
At thy feet our loyal hearts their tribute lay;
We had waited for thy coming in the darkness, waited long,
Ere the morning star proclaimed thy natal day.

Thou hast come thro' tribulation, and thy robe is clean and white,
Thou art fairer than the summer in its bloom.
Thou art born unto a kingdom and thy crown is all of light:
Thou shalt smile away the shadow and the gloom.

In thy path the fields shall blossom and the desert shall rejoice,
In the wilderness a living fountain spring;
For the blind shall see thy beauty and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
And the silent tongue their high hosannas sing.

Where the rhododendron blushes on the burly mountain's breast,
In the midland, where the wild deer love to roam;
Where the water-lily slumbers, while the cypress guards its rest—
Lo! thy sunny land of promise and thy home.

Where the sons of Carolina taught a nation to be free,
And her daughters taught their brothers to be brave;
O'er a land of peaceful plenty, from the highlands to the sea,
May thy banner, Alma Mater, ever wave.

R. T. Vann

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William Arthur Yost ..... Raleigh

*Deceased.

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN EDWIN RAY

Born January 22, 1852
Died January 17, 1918

Honored in Church and State. Dearly beloved at Meredith as trustee, and teacher of the "Corner Class" from its organization in 1899.

SAMUEL WAIT BREWER

Born February 15, 1851
Died April 4, 1918

A beloved friend and trustee of Meredith, an active, earnest worker in the Church, and a loyal citizen of the State.

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Our Dean

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Instructor in Home Economics

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Instructor in English Composition

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ANNE STEPHENS NOBLE
Student Chowan College; Mrs. E. N. Martin, Washington, D. C.; Miss Mason, New York
Instructor in China Painting

*Deceased. The vacancy was filled by her predecessor, Marie White, B.S., until the election of Lydia May Boswell, B.S., Denison University.

School of Music

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First Prize with Highest Distinction in Violin, Royal Conservatory, Brussels, under Jean Baptiste Colyns; Special Violin Pupil of Cesar Thomson, Florian Zajic; Six First Prizes in Theoretical Work, Royal Conservatory, Brussels, under F. A. Gevaert, Edgar Tinel, Joseph Dupont, Emile Huberti, F. W. Kufferath, Marie Tordeus

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Instructor in Piano

SARAH LAMBERT BLALOCK

Diploma in Piano, Meredith College School of Music; Student Faelten Pianoforte School, Boston; Pupil of Eugene Heffley, New York City

Instructor in Piano

BESSIE AMELIA KNAPP

Graduate in Voice, Von Klenner School of Music, New York City; Graduate in Public School Music, New York University Summer School

Instructor in Voice

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Graduate of Nansemond Seminary; Pupil of Mrs. Gregory Murray, of Philadelphia; Graduate of Burrows Kindergarten School; Graduate of Dunning Kindergarten School

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Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Oberlin, Ohio, Graduate in Piano and Theory; Pupil in Piano of Mrs. Maude T. Woolittle; in Theory of Prof. Arthur E. Heacox; in Organ of Prof. J. F. Alderfer
Instructor in Theory and Preparatory Piano

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Pupil Cincinnati Conservatory of Music; Graduate of Burrows Kindergarten School
Instructor in Preparatory Piano

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Instructor in Preparatory Piano

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Director of Physical Education

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Assistant Dietitian

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Stewardess for East Building

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Nurse

JEANNETTE CURRENT
EARLA RAVENSCROFT BALL
Student Assistants in the Library

CELIA HERRING
Student Assistant in Physical Education

IN MEMORIAM

ELSIE RUTH ALLEN

Born October 21, 1889
Died October 13, 1917

In her brief connection with Meredith College, by her genial manner, her unselfish thought for others, her thorough work in her specialty, she won the respect and admiration of our entire community.

Home of Meredith

Meredith College—Beginnings and Development

Less than a score of years ago, with nothing material in sight, but with a sublime faith in God, with an overmastering conviction of duty to the young women of our State and Country as well as to the Kingdom of God, with an unfaltering determination to attempt to meet heroically that obligation, our leaders started the Baptist Female University, which by a succession of metamorphoses became Meredith College.

The College was appropriately named in honor of Rev. Thomas Meredith, who had such a large share in the organization of the Baptist State Convention. One of the fourteen devoted men who in Greenville, N. C., in 1830, organized that Convention, he was through the remainder of his life a firm believer in its mission and a valiant worker in its interest. As editor of *The Interpreter*, later called the *Biblical Recorder*, he did much of the work of organizing and correlating the enterprises of the denomination in this State. Wake Forest College was begun in that same decade, and Thomas Meredith was among the foremost of its champions. So ardently did he believe in education that he was not satisfied to have a college for young men alone, but in 1838 presented to the Convention a report strongly urging the establishment of an institution of equal grade for young women. Such a record is worthy of a perpetual memorial and brings a holy benediction on the institution chosen for that honor.

Beginning in September, 1899, with scarcely an acre of ground and a single building, Meredith College has expanded from year to year in order to meet the demands of an ever-increasing constituency. The progress has been gradual but unceasing. The ground occupied has been enlarged several times over. One building after another has been added until now there are ten with an aggregate value of $168,500, with equipment worth $42,550. The land on which these buildings stand is valued at $93,000, and the total endowment is now $170,052.09. From these figures it will be seen that the total assets of the College have reached the sum of $474,102.09.

While this is a most remarkable achievement in so brief a time, additional equipment and endowment are needed immediately if Meredith is to measure up to the opportunities which are presented to it. It is fortunate in having

loyal alumnæ who speak its claims and foster its interests. The movement just starting to add $300,000 to its assets will be carried to a successful issue by its friends, and gratifying returns from such a notable investment are guaranteed—returns not in coin, but in multiplied and consecrated intelligence.

Thomas Meredith himself felt that the proper place for the College was Raleigh. Those who have seen the plant in operation agree that the site is well-nigh ideal. It shares the many advantages belonging to the capital city. Sufficiently isolated to secure immunity from excessive interruption of class work, there is, at the same time, opportunity for participation in current attractions which, though incidental, contribute to a symmetrical culture.

The institution was started with the high ideal of providing for young women instruction as complete and of as high a grade as that received by our young men in the best colleges of the State. This worthy purpose has been maintained from the beginning, each modification of its curriculum being made in the interest of improved scholarship and the elevation of standard. For some time an academy was conducted in connection with the College. This was necessary in view of the limitations of the high schools supplying students. But these high schools have so far improved in standard and the number of students adequately prepared for college has so rapidly increased that now only those who can present the credits prescribed by the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges are admitted.

The government of the College is largely in the hands of the students. These elect the officers and executive committee of the Student Government Association, who report to the student body and are answerable to it. After several years of thorough testing, it is believed that by such a system of government a maximum of freedom and training is possible with a minimum of friction and evasion of the laws.

A wholesome religious atmosphere pervades the institution. In addition to the daily chapel exercises, students attend Sunday School and church services each Sunday morning in one of the churches of the city. The Y. W. C. A. and the Y. W. A. have healthy organizations which do much to quicken interest in the voluntary study of the Bible and of missions and contribute greatly to the prayer life of the students. The social service committees are active in carrying good cheer where it is needed and appreciated.

Believing in a broad culture, there is, nevertheless, emphasis placed upon the practical training of students. Side by side go the classics and the several branches included in home economics. The ideal in mind in this distribution of courses is to prepare students not only to appreciate the best there is in art and literature and life, but to make a worthy contribution to them.

MEREDITH COLLEGE
LIBRARY.

6158

In the Merry Month of May

The Autumn Spirit, Wraith of Autumn's Gold

The Classes

Alma Mater

O Alma Mater, dear art thou to every heart
Which finds a home within thy sacred walls.
To thee of our best life we give a mighty part,
And in return we hear the clarion calls
To higher life.

From off thy fertile, broad, and cloud-bathed summit fair
We catch a vision of a distant goal,
And, looking long, we see a saddened world of care
Where we may work and, working, save a soul
From earthly strife.

So thou hast always been to us a light—a star—
A guide through valleys dark and ways so drear—
A shining lighthouse, throwing saving light afar,
And leading girls and women, toiling near,
Through open doors.

For all these wondrous things our hearts' best tributes bring
To thee, our Alma Mater, fair and bright.
Accept this burning love and heartfelt song we sing,
And guide us evermore to mountain's height
Where true worth soars.

LILLIE MAY AYCOCK, '20.

Senior Class

Colors: Red and white

Flower: Red Rambler

Mascot: Eagle

Officers

Jane Alma Lyon	*President*
Annie Maybelle Nall	*Vice President*
Irene Modelle Mullen	*Secretary*
Ethel Mae Parker	*Treasurer*
Ruth Trippe	*Historian*
Annie Williams Mercer	*Testator*
Mary Law Norwood	*Prophet*
Earla Ravenscroft Ball	*Poet*

Members

Mary Boshamer Ashcraft
Helen Byrd Aydlett
Beulah May Bailey
Earla Ravenscroft Ball
Harriet Stewart Beasley
Vivian Foy Blackstock
Annie Laurie Brackett
Ellen Dozier Brewer
Susan Effie Brown
Abscilla Albania Bunch
May Bryan Carter
Jeanette Lamina Current
Hester Pickett Farrior
Myrtle Louise Heinzerling
Lettie Jean Howard
Jane Alma Lyon
Essie Martin
Katharine Matthews
Annie Williams Mercer
Irene Modelle Mullen
Annie Maybelle Nall
Mary Law Norwood
Grace Carlton Olive
Myra Vivian Olive
Ethel Mae Parker
Carmen Lou Rogers
Bessie Stanton
Ruth Trippe

MARY BOSHAMER ASHCRAFT, A.B.
WADESBORO, N. C.

Wearing all that weight of learning lightly, like a flower.

We were lucky enough to add Mary B. to the Class of '18 from the Juniors; therefore, we cherish her, since she is surely passing fair in her class work, graduating as she is in three years. But B. doesn't put all her time in studying—not at all. 'Tis not at all uncommon to see her seated on the campus with "Batts," enjoying a rest period. Who said the rest periods were frequent? Well, anyhow, B. is all right, and she is loyal to '18.

Commencement Marshal..... '16
College Usher..... '16–'17
Junior Editor OAK LEAVES..... '17–'18
Member Y. W. C. A.
Member Philaretian Society.

HELEN BYRD AYDLETT, A.B.
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

If music be the food of love, play on.

"Byrdlet" is not so called because of her voice, altho she certainly has one, but because she's just "Byrdlet." We, your sister Seniors, could tell lots of interesting things about you, but we are going to let you surprise those who don't already know about the "three in a frame," et cetera! We wish you to carefully consider the "case" as stated, weigh the evidence, and, when the verdict is given, we wish your life sentence to be none happier.

College Usher. . . . . '17–'18
Member Y. W. C. A.
Member Student Government Association.
Member Astrotekton Society.

BEULAH MAY BAILEY, B.S.

KENLY, N. C.

And her noble heart's the noblest, yes,
And her sure faith's the surest.

Beulah is a valuable addition to our Class as well as to the College. She is one of the kinds of girl whom everybody likes, having been voted the most popular girl in school. That's a mighty fine record when there are so many likes and dislikes in the world. That it takes just this type of a girl to make a success in Y. W. C. A. work, Beulah has proven beyond doubt as our earnest, capable President. Beulah has also shown herself capable of being fitted in other places as well, and we wish for her success in teaching the schools to appreciate Mr. Hoover.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet ..... '16–'17
College Usher ..... '16–'17
Chaplain of Astrotekton Society ..... '17–'18
Chairman Social Committee, Astrotekton Society ..... '17–'18
President Y. W. C. A. ..... '17–'18
Member Astrotekton Society.

EARLA RAVENSCROFT BALL, A.B.

DITCHLEY, VA.

The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hand to execute.

There's no question that Earla has kept the "*Ball*" rolling ever since she landed at Meredith College, N. C. What a pity, however, that it wasn't *Virginia!* But we should worry, for past misdemeanors can't always be remedied; yet it seems Earla has managed pretty well from the numerous activities she has dipped into. Talking about managing—why, she could manage the head off of you, whether it's suffrage or society or just plain living. Hush! we wouldn't for the world have it thought that she's an *enigma*.

College Usher . . . . . '15–'17
President Sophomore Class. . . . . '15–'16
Vice President S. G. A. . . . . '16–'17
Business Manager *Acorn*. . . . . '16–'17
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet. . . . . '17–'18
Basket-ball Team. . . . . '17–'18
Associate Editor-in-Chief OAK LEAVES. '17–'18
Poet Senior Class.
Student Assistant Librarian.
President Philaretian Literary Society.

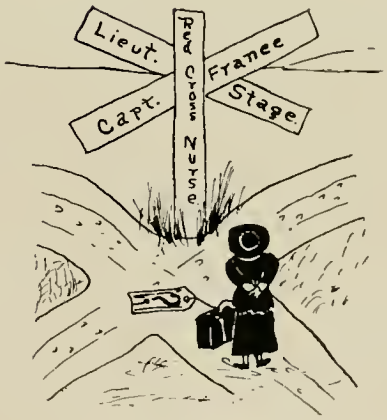
HARRIET STEWART BEASLEY, B.S.

MONROE, N. C.

Dowered with hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
the love of love.

"Hattie" is our other B.S. member of whom we are justly proud. But altho she has adequate knowledge of dietetics et cetera, she is not at all one-sided—oh, no! Hattie has many sides; the trouble is, she can't decide what side to develop. Shall she perfect that already nightingale voice, or make a selection from those imploring captains, lieutenants, and other suitors? Or shall she go to France, there to serve others? Ah! Hattie, life is indeed a question mark; but we fear not that the decision reached will be just right.

College Choir..... '14–'17
College Usher..... '15–'17
Commencement Marshal..... '16
Vice President Philaretian Society..... '17–'18
Member Student Government Association.
Member Y. W. C. A.



VIVIAN FOY BLACKSTOCK,

Diploma in Piano

Weaverville, N. C.

To be known and written of
As constant, loyal friend.

Vivian has been with us only two years, and the Class of '18 was only too glad to adopt her. Those years have meant much to us, for, in spite of her heavy work, she has found time to make friends and be really one of us. Making friends? That's just it. She knows how to do it, for she is loyal, sincere, and friendly herself. She's an all "true blue" sort of girl, and we wish her the greatest success in getting other people "tuned up."

Member Astrotekton Society.
Member Athletic Association.
Member Y. W. C. A.
Member Student Government Association.

all wool, and a yard wide — Guaranteed not to run.

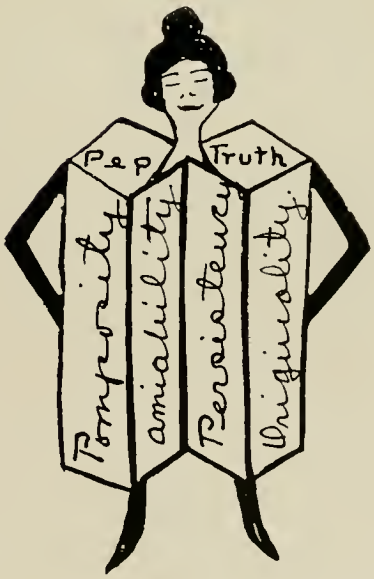
ANNIE LAURIE BRACKETT, A.B.

LANDRUM, S. C.

Time cannot wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety.

Infinite variety? We should say so! The psychologists would doubtless classify her among the multiple personalities; so we'll let that pass, because we're afraid to attempt classification. Just the same, whether she is designing her wardrobe, debating on whether "it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," or challenging Miss Colton on the wherefores and dramatic worth of Shakespearian ghosts, it's Annie, the professional mistress of her Art, every time.

House President ..... '17–'18
Secretary-Treasurer Y. W. A. ..... '17–'18
Treasurer Philaretian Society ..... '17–'18
Member Philaretian Society.
Member Athletic Association.



ELLEN DOZIER BREWER, A.B.

RALEIGH, N. C.

And earth still holds much of permanent nobility for all great souls.

When we think of you, our Junior President, it is with hearts aglow. You led us gloriously, yet with perfect calm, up to our final year. Ellen, we have loved you and we always will, the genius of our Class, a true daughter of your Alma Mater, and a loyal sister of the '18 Class. Somehow we feel great things are in store for you, and that when we have scattered to our many lines of life work, we shall hear some day that you have achieved deserved greatness among the great.

President Junior Class	'16–'17
Secretary Astrotekton Society	'16–'17
Associate Editor-in-Chief *Acorn*	'16–'17
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet	'17–'18
President Student Government Association	'17–'18

Member Athletic Association.
Member Astrotekton Society.

SUSAN EFFIE BROWN, Diploma in Piano
Jamesville, N. C.

Her being finds a rare interpretation
In melody's creation.

Yes, everybody knows when Effie is playing, by the things she makes the piano do. Effie, another adopted member of our Class, is one of those rare persons who instinctively find music the best and noblest expression of their inner selves. We predict for her a worthy place among artists—for a while, at least. Then we think that perhaps she will devote her talent entirely to soothing the cares of her household away on Melody's wings, and we are quite sure she will dispose of those burdens as gracefully as she now masters the difficult notes.

Member Astrotekton Society.
Member Y. W. C. A.
Member Athletic Association.
Member Student Government Association.

ABSCILLA ALBANIA BUNCH, A.B.
EDENTON, N. C.

Steel true and blade straight.

She was born to command, but she does it with a graciousness seldom excelled, and those commanded are willing subjects. Abscilla is to the Class a vital part of its backbone, as steady as a rock and as loyal, a "regular" Senior and a friend. We are all so glad Irene is a Senior, too, for it would never do for her to go away and leave Irene here. 'Tis distressing enough as it is that they have to be separated at all. Abscilla showed taste when she selected Irene for her boon companion, but Irene deserves as much credit for good taste as she; you see, Abscilla makes the best kind of a friend.

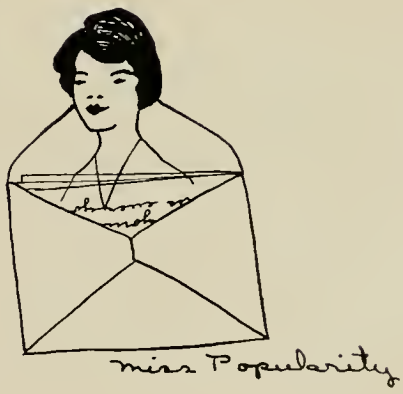
House President . . . . . '17–'18
Member Philaretian Society.
Member Y. W. C. A.
Member Athletic Association.

MAY BRYAN CARTER, A.B.
West Asheville, N. C.

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.

May is always smiling. Sometimes a cloud comes and takes almost the whole smile away, but it is never quite gone, lurking as it does in those envied dimples. May's chief war interest is in the aviation department of the service, and we imagine with good cause that the majority of her thoughts are "flying" ones. Perhaps—we can not tell—this member of our Class wll go "ad astra" in a flying machine. At any rate, we wish her success in her flight, and complete victories for the "captain."

Member Basket-ball Team..... '13–'14, '15–'18
Sergeant-at-Arms Astrotekton Society.
Vice President Junior Class..... '16–'17
Captain Junior Basket-ball Team..... '16–'17
President Y. W. A..... '17–'18
President Astrotekton Society..... '17–'18



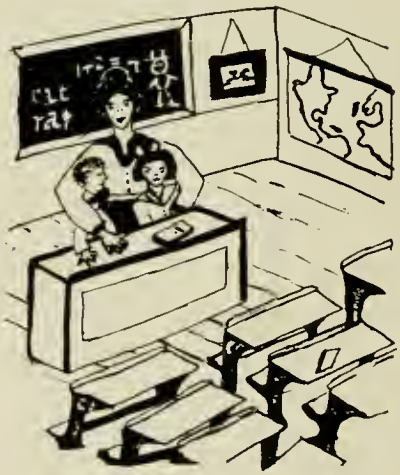
JEANNETTE LAMINA CURRENT, A.B.

WOODLEAF, N. C.

Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

If we know anything at all, we know beyond a doubt that Jeannette will make a success anywhere. Just look at those eyes and that determined mouth and chin! Oh, she's not severe—no, she's very sweet and gentle; but when she starts out on a business deal she'll win out. Ask the *Acorn* if this isn't so. Success anywhere—yes, and not the least in the District School. Good luck, Jeannette! Make those children walk a chalk line!

Secretary Junior Class. . . . . '16–'17
Treasurer Student Government Association . . . . . '17–'18
Vice President Y. W. C. A. . . . . '17–'18
Business Manager *Acorn* . . . . . '17–'18
Student Assistant Librarian . . . . . '17–'18
Member Astrotekton Society.
Member Athletic Association.



HESTER PICKETT FARRIOR,

Diploma in Art

Raleigh, N. C.

And Life is color and warmth and light.

Hettie is our sole representative of Art, but she is a worthy one. We are proud to have as a member of our class one who can interpret and portray things with a brush and pen, realizing that "beauty is as useful as the useful." Hettie is a true member of '18 and enters eagerly into all our plans. When an emergency calls for ingeniousness, Hettie always has it ready, whether it means answering the Sophs' invitation or sketching a frontispiece. We have just found out during our last semester how much we have missed in not having her live with us all the time.

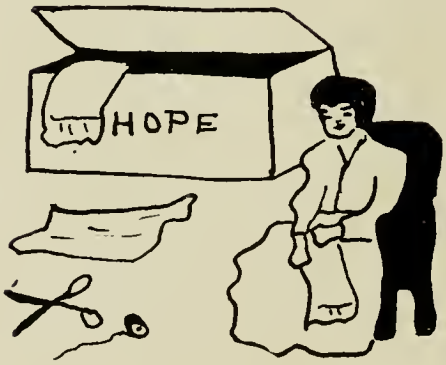
Art Editor Oak Leaves..... '17–'18
Member Astrotekton Society.
Member Student Government Association.
Member Y. W. C. A.

MYRTLE LOUISE HEINZERLING, A.B.
STATESVILLE, N. C.

Calm, whatsoever storms may shake the world.

Calm, yes; but doing all the same. Possibly that is the way to do when one belongs to the "multiplicity" class. In fact, it is difficult to say what kind of a diploma she deserves, judging from her schedule. What kind of a girl do you suppose it is who draws Fisher heads, furnishes a house, elects History, and can work up an organ recital? We hope she'll keep up her "rep" when she adds Anatomy to the list.

Treasurer Y. W. C. A. . . . . '17–'18
House President . . . . . '17–'18
Member Astrotekton Society.
Member Athletic Association.



LETTIE JEAN HOWARD,

Diploma in Piano

Salemburg, N. C.

I laugh; for hope hath happy place with me.

Somehow, Lettie has chosen not to appear to any great extent in the limelight; yet there has not been a more loyal member of our Class the whole four years of our college life. She has been selfish with herself somewhat, and given most of her time to her art, for she is a true musician. Lettie's best friends can tell you that she's just as true as steel, and the friends she makes, she keeps. Cease not to watch and practice, Lettie. We doubt not your harmonies will some day sooth a "savage" breast—or heart.

Basket-ball Team..... ..... '16–'18
Assistant Business Manager *Acorn*..... '17–'18
Vice President Athletic Association..... '17–'18
Member Y. W. C. A.
Member Philaretian Society.

JANIE ALMA LYON, A.B.
WINDSOR, N. C.

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.

What can we say in tribute to our Senior President? Truly, words fail us. We have found in you a loyal leader, true and trusty. We don't like to think about what we would have done if we hadn't had Jane for our President, for there really wasn't any one else who could exactly take your place. You have kept us true to our colors, followers of our motto, and worthy of our mascot. You will ever be dear to your class comrades—a friend of friends. Aught else that we could say of you would be superfluous.

College Usher . . . . . '16–'17
Junior Editor *Acorn* . . . . . '16–'17
Treasurer Junior Class . . . . . '16–'17
Editor-in-Chief *Acorn* . . . . . '17–'18
President Senior Class.
Member Philaretian Society.
Member Student Government Association.

ESSIE MARTIN, A.B.

ALEXANDER, N. C.

Gentlest in mien and mind
Of gentle womankind.

Here's to Elaine, the quiet, unassuming Maid of History, only she's a historic maiden in a modern environment. And what more complete setting could a maiden have with three Ed's and four Histories? In fact, there is little time for talking when there is so much thinking. Yet, in some marvelous way, she steals time for activity, because she is quite an active basket-ball captain.

Basket-ball Team..... '14–'18
Captain Basket-ball Team..... '17–'18
Secretary Athletic Association..... '17–'18
Member Y. W. C. A.
Member Astrotekton Society.

KATHARINE MATTHEWS, A.B.

WAGRAM, N. C.

One who never turned her back, but marched breast forward.

Kate is one of those good-fellowship sort of girls. She is the same to everybody at all times, and it may be truly said that "Senior dignity" has not affected the size of her head. Yet the unfathomable depths of her gray matter would supply a fountain of knowledge for many a day. Kate declares she will not follow the beaten path of her sisters that leads nowhere—unless spinsterhood. She is not going to train the "young idea to shoot"; instead, she plans to strike out with the New Woman who has more than one talent.

Captain Freshman Basket-ball Team...	'14–'15
Member Basket-ball Team.....	'14–'18
Secretary Sophomore Class.....	'15–'16
Sophomore Editor *Acorn*.....	'15–'16
Secretary Y. W. C. A.....	'17–'18
Critic, Astrotekton Society.....	'17–'18
Associate Editor-in-Chief *Acorn*.....	'17–'18
President Athletic Association.....	'17–'18
Member Astrotekton Society.	

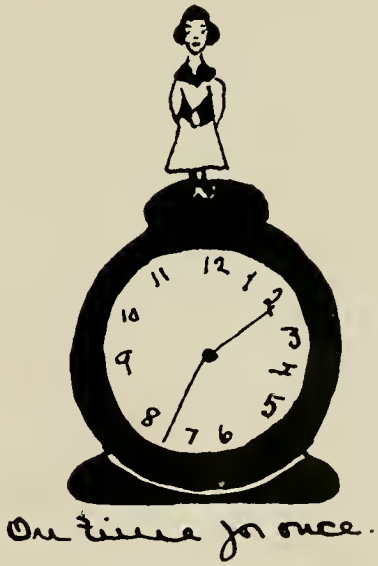
ANNIE WILLIAMS MERCER, A.B.

THOMASVILLE, N. C.

Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

It has truly been tried and tested with Annie that it is the inner soul which counts most, after all. We have grown to appreciate this more as we have seen Annie's steadfast, lovable nature meet all the ups and downs of college life. There is nothing superficial about her, for she is firm and sound to the core. This does not mean that Annie is "goody-goody"—far from it! She enjoys college life as much as the rest of us, whether it is starring in English or playing tennis *cum facultate.*

Treasurer Freshman Class..... '14–'15
Commencement Marshal..... '17
Testator, Senior Class.
Member Athletic Association.
Member Astrotekton Society.
Member Y. W. C. A.



Carlyle Campbell Library
Meredith College

IRENE MODELLE MULLEN, A.B.

BUNN, N. C.

. . . Those about her
From her shall learn the perfect ways of honor.

Just tell Irene the time and place, and she'll be right there. This is a splendid record when "getting there" is a very big feature of the occasion. Irene is one of those few girls who dared Greek and two Latins in the same year. Few mortals persevere that far. Certainly, however, too much classics has not run her mad, nor even metamorphized her, for she still remains the calm, dependable Irene. Good luck to her!

Secretary Senior Class.
Chairman Room Committee,
Philaretian Society..... '17–'18
Winner of Monogram..... '17–'18
Member Philaretian Society.
Member Y. W. C. A.

ANNIE MAYBELLE NALL, A.B.

SANFORD, N. C.

In soul sincere, in action faithful, in honor clear.

We have always felt flattered in having Maybelle line up with us after a year at the Normal. She's proved herself worthy, for she has been one of our "stand-bys" in whatever we have attempted to give glory and prestige to the Class of '18. When we called for height to reach the basket-ball goals, Maybelle promptly volunteered and helped us out of trouble. Whenever our Senior dignity has been at stake, she has been right ready to go "over the top," although it only meant holding our colors at a ball game.

Basket-ball Team..... '16–'18
Secretary Philaretian Society..... '16–'17
Vice President Senior Class.
Member Philaretian Society.
Member Y. W. C. A.

MARY LAW NORWOOD, A.B.

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

With every charm that wins the heart
By nature given.

No, Mary is not an enigma, except to herself. To her classmates, Mary is Mary, and what she says and does never surprises them, because it's Mary. Whoever told Mary a joke without having to explain the point to her? But then it's worth the trouble, because Mary always enjoys the explanation! She is usually everywhere at once, and all over everywhere, so that when you look for her she's somewhere else; but if you ever get there when Mary does, she is a willing support in most anything you care to start, and she always brings along a laugh. And you would readily guess from this that she is the best of comrades, staunch and steady.

President Freshman Class..... '14–'15
Basket-ball Team..... '14–'17
Captain Basket-ball Team..... '15–'16
Corresponding Secretary Astrotekton Society..... '16–'17
Junior Editor OAK LEAVES..... '16–'17
College Usher..... '17–'18
Assistant Business Manager OAK LEAVES..... '17–'18
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet..... '17–'18
Senior Class Prophet.
Member Astrotekton Society.

GRACE CARLTON OLIVE, A.B.

APEX, N. C.

For if she will, she will; you may depend on 't;
And if she won't, she won't; so here's an end on 't.

Here's to the girl who's what she is. Grace's *nom de plume* is Loyalty. She is loyal to her class, to her college, and whatever she believes in she sticks to thru thick and thin. She is also voted the most athletic girl in her class. This has been evident all thru her college career, for she made her début in a public fire drill when she escaped from the fourth floor by means of the Aerial Wagon. In that same year she also broke all historical records in high jumping, which won for her a monogram. Such a record prophesies a successful career in pulling away the wounded under the Kaiser's shell fire.

Basket-ball Team	'14–'17
Chaplain Philaretian Society	'17–'18
Assistant Treasurer Y. W. C. A.	'17–'18
Winner Monogram	'15–'16
Basket-ball Coach	'17–'18
Member Philaretian Society.	

MYRA VIVIAN OLIVE, A.B.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Rich in saving common sense.

To those who don't know her, Myra might seem a lady of leisure, for she takes things, coming and going, with absolute calm. But Myra is one of our "students." She knows few leisure moments, and is well acquainted with real work. We, of the '18 Class, however, know her as a good comrade for fun and frolic. When we call for stunts she's always right there with that miraculous "giggle," and anything else that will help with the amusements. Then, too, there's a little girl with curls, who belongs to the Freshman Class—she can tell you that Myra makes the best sort of a roommate!

Sergeant-at-Arms Astrotekton Society . '17–'18
College Choir . . . . . '16–'17
Member Student Government Association.
Member Astrotekton Society.

ETHEL MAE PARKER, A.B.
KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

She has a natural, wise sincerity, a simple truthfulness.

Oh, thou Mona Lisa! We wish we could read thy thoughts and enjoy the store of learning lodged there. After such a breathless speech, it must be evident to all how diligent and "knowing" is our Ethel. Her room holds no neglected text-books, nor no notebooks whose contents are white space until the night before exams. Such college specimens are rare. But the pendulum often has a way of swinging in an opposite direction. The futurist seems to think so, for he is pointing—shall we say it—to a life crowned with great stage success.

Chairman Room Committee,
Philaretian Society..... '16–'17
Treasurer Senior Class..... '17–'18
Basket-ball Team..... '17–'18
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet..... '17–'18
Member Philaretian Society.
Member Student Government Association.

CARMEN LOU ROGERS, A.B.
CREEDMOOR, N. C.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

O Carmen, in your hours of ease, interrogative, persistent, and hard to answer, we wonder what you will do when you go out into the world. Nevertheless, you have added to our class that bit of spice and wit which would have been lacking had you not been one of us. Just Carmen, but what would the *Annual* have done without you! You've spent many hours—and fruitful ones they were—in making this year's collection of memories the best yet; and we thank you. We are wondering, however, how you are going to decide the real question!

Junior Editor *Acorn* ..... '16–'17
Assistant House President ..... '17–'18
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet ..... '17–'18
Editor-in-Chief OAK LEAVES ..... '17–'18
Member Athletic Association.
Member Astrotekton Society.

BESSIE STANTON, A.B.
ROWLAND, N. C.

The broken heart to bind
Was her delight.

Bessie is one of the few girls in our Class who possesses that unknown quantity called "experience," and consequently receives a big amount of awe from us nonprofessionals. She's been the Information Department for us during our apprenticeship. But the debt isn't all on one side, for Bessie, looking down from the superior heights of a Soph., must have detected early our proverbial precocity, tho dimmed by the green mantle of Freshmanhood; thus she seems to have deemed it wise to get her degree with the Class '18. We are glad to have her one of us.

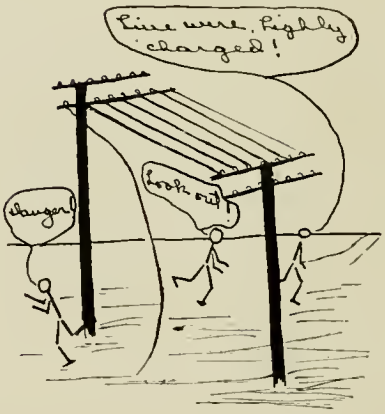
Member Sorosis ..... '14–'15
Leader Student Volunteer Band..... '17–'18
Member Y. W. C. A.
Member Philaretian Society.

RUTH TRIPPE, Diploma in Composition
Rocky Mount, N. C.

I opened the door of my heart, and behold!
There was music within, and a song.

Whoever would have thought her Freshman year that Ruth was really serious? At one time Trippe was just "cute," but she has developed wonderfully several sides that we didn't know she had. She has blossomed into a poetic prophet and she helped to do these cartoons, too, tho she didn't do her own. When "Katie" left, we were afraid Ruth was going to find it too lonely to remain with us, but she decided to stick it out, and we are glad, for every little bit helps, and Ruth's "one more."

Historian Astrotekton Society..... '16–'17
Historian Senior Class.
Assistant House President..... '17–'18
Vice President Astrotekton Society..... '17–'18
Member Y. W. C. A.
Member Astrotekton Society.



1918

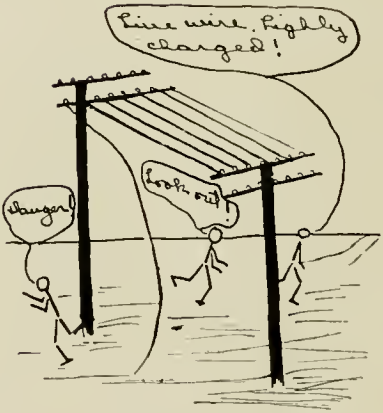
MEREDITH COLLEGE

RUTH TRIPPE, Diploma in Composition
Rocky Mount, N. C.

I opened the door of my heart, and behold!
There was music within, and a song.

Whoever would have thought her Freshman year that Ruth was really serious? At one time Trippe was just "cute," but she has developed wonderfully several sides that we didn't know she had. She has blossomed into a poetic prophet and she helped to do these cartoons, too, tho she didn't do her own. When "Katie" left, we were afraid Ruth was going to find it too lonely to remain with us, but she decided to stick it out, and we are glad, for every little bit helps, and Ruth's "one more."

Historian Astrotekton Society . . . . . '16–'17
Historian Senior Class.
Assistant House President . . . . . '17–'18
Vice President Astrotekton Society . . . . . '17–'18
Member Y. W. C. A.
Member Astrotekton Society.



Senior Vote

Most Popular	Mary Norwood
Most Lovable	Annie Mercer
Most Executive	Earla Ball
Most Literary	Carmen Rogers
Most Musical	Effie Brown
Most Athletic	Grace Olive
Most Studious	Ethel Parker
Most Dependable	Irene Mullen
Wittiest	Annie Brackett
Best All-round	Janie Lyon

Senior Snapshots

Class Day

Class Day Exercises

ACT I

[*At the sound of the bugle the soldier girls march out in their uniforms, singing.*]

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, WE COME A-MARCHING!

Tramp, tramp, tramp, we come a-marching!
Comrades, cheerful all, are we;
For we love our training camp,
And the days we're spending here
Are as happy and as joyous as can be.

To the answer of our call, we come promptly, one and all,
To begin the many duties of the day.
First we drill and then we knit,
Then we sing a little bit;
And when all our work is o'er, we do this way:

[*Some are busily engaged in knitting, others are reading, and others variously occupied as they all hum the chorus.*]

Soldier A—Well, I'm glad we're almost ready now to go over and help our brothers win this war. I'm tired of staying here and holding my hands. There's so little we can do.

Soldier B—Yes; but you forget that we have been doing our bit while we were here at training camp. Think of the sacrifices we've made. All of us testify to that, don't we?

All—Yes, *siree!*

[*All enthusiastically sing.*] OVER THERE

Hoover came along, came along, came along,
Then the meatless days, wheatless days, heatless days.
Hear him calling you and me
In the cause of Liberty.
We all said we'd help—right today, no delay.
Then we one and all signed a card, signed a card,
That we would not wasteful be—
We would learn economy.

CHORUS:

Over there, over there, send the meat and the wheat over there,
For the boys all need it, and we won't eat it.
We'll gladly give them of our fare.
We don't care, we don't care!
For we've got two splendid dietitians here.
We'll eat 'lasses, and we'll eat corn bread,
And we'll Hooverize till it's over, over there.

But that wasn't all, wasn't all, wasn't all!
There came another call, second call, second call,
That the boys over there
Needed something warm to wear.

So we gave our yarn—that's no yarn, that's no yarn.
Now we knit and darn, knit and darn, knit and darn.
No new suits for us this year,
And we do not shed a tear.

CAPTAIN—Enough of this foolishness! The day is far spent, and we must hold to our schedule. Line up!

[*A flag drill follows.*] CURTAIN.

ACT II

[*The scene opens on the soldier girls, after their day's work is over, seated around the camp-fire singing.*]

TENTING TONIGHT

We're tenting tonight on our old camp-ground,
Comrades of bygone days.
Our hearts are sad, for now we've come
To the parting of the ways!

CHORUS:

Sweet are the memories we cherish tonight
Ere we go far away.
Sad are our hearts as we enter the fight
And leave our friends for aye.

We are thinking tonight of our training camp—
The place where we first met
And lived and learned and loved as one—
The place we can ne'er forget.

We know that soon from our training camp
We'll have to separate.
We'd like to stay, but go we must—
It's a soldier's sad, sad fate!

SOLDIER C—Do you suppose we'll ever again be as happy as we've been right here? Don't you wish we could stay on forever?

SOLDIER D—I should say! I've been thinking so much about the past lately that I'm almost afraid I'm getting old. I remember as if it were yesterday the day we enlisted and entered here as privates in the Freshman Class.

[*Different groups give impromptu verses to a ballad, each telling one year of the history of the Class.*]

CLASS HISTORY

In September, nineteen fourteen,
The year this war was declared—
We entered College as young Freshmen.
In everything we hoped and dared!
'Twas then we had success in tennis,
And won the praises of all!
And we entertained our Juniors
At an old colonial ball.

How much we loved the underclass
When we were Sophomores bright!
We had to be good and treat them nice
While hating with all our might.
Those "golden" hours on angel wings
Flew by till Sophomore night.
Then to the Yarborough we did go,
Where we celebrated right.

Our Junior year was very sad.
Our country had entered the fight,
And we heartily agreed to do our part
To help maintain the right.
But we had good times, for all that,
And many a pleasant hour:
We went to the Freshman Carnival!
We gave to our Class a shower!

Ne'er will we forget our Senior year,
With all its ups and downs—
When we went picnicking with the Sophs!
When we won our caps and gowns!
The Juniors entertained us, too—
The year did go by so fast!
And with this ends the life history
Of the only real war class.

SOLDIER E—It's all very well for us to sing of our past life; but I'm a lot more interested in our future. I don't know what in the world I'm going to do when I leave here. What's your plan, F?

SOLDIER F—I haven't any. Have you? (*She points to G, H, I, etc., around the crowd, and all shake their heads.*)

CHORUS— Twenty-eight Seniors with nothing to do;
Twenty-eight Seniors with no job in view.

SOLDIER A—Well, I think it's awful to be a Senior and not know what to do. Right now I decide—I'll go to France and *fight!*

CHORUS— One decides what she'll pursue;
Twenty-seven Seniors with nothing to do.

SOLDIER B—And I'll be a nurse in case *you* (*pointing to A*) should be wounded!

CHORUS— Twenty-seven Seniors with nothing to do,
Twenty-seven Seniors with no job in view.
One decides what she'll pursue;
Twenty-six Seniors with nothing to do.

SOLDIER C—Well, sure thing, I'm not going to France. I'm going to stay right here and work in my dad's office. The girl who stayed there before told me it was a cinch of a job!

CHORUS—Twenty-six Seniors, etc.

SOLDIER D—The height of my ambition is to be a movie star. Watch the papers for an account of me.

CAPTAIN—Oh, my soldiers, I'm surprised and disappointed in you. You certainly have the wrong idea of what your life is for. Through all these years we have been in training that we might go out and serve the world. Come, now, follow the path that leads to true service.

CHORUS— SERVICE SONG

We are ready now for service,
And we don't know what to do.
There are many calls about us,
There are duties not a few;
But it's hard to know just which one
Is fitted to be who
In our world of new vocations
And old occupations, too.

CHORUS:

We are sad from musing
At this time of choosing,
For of plans of future days
We're thinking now.
We are through our training,
And for years remaining
We would gladly serve our flag,
If we just knew how.

There is need, they say, of teachers—
And of nurses, by the way—
And the business world now calls us
To come and join its ranks today.
Then with duties to the Red Cross
And to social service, too,
Besides a host of other things,
Tell us what we are to do.

CAPTAIN—Do not trouble, soldiers. If you really have a willing spirit, it will be revealed to you in some way how you may serve.

[*A rustle is heard and the eagle, the class mascot, appears. He presents a globe to the class, showing them that the opportunities are world-wide.*]

CHORUS— TO THE EAGLE

Hark! there's a humming; our Eagle's coming,
Mascot of Class Eighteen.
Our hearts are beating a friendly greeting,
Prophet with vision so keen.
Look into the future, show us now the way.
Hearken to your class, we pray.

CHORUS:

Guiding star, Eagle true,
Do your eyes from the skies
See our fate?
You who're linked with us in history,
Come, now, help us solve the mystery.
Guide, we pray, on our way;
Tell us what is right to do.
Come, guide your class's destiny.
Eagle true, we are trusting you.

THE EAGLE—Cease now your sighing, hush now your crying.
Your Eagle stays by your side.
In all your gladness, in all your sadness,
I'll ever be your guide.
Through the fields of service I will lead each one
Till the journey's end has come.

CAPTAIN—Oh, our Eagle, truly thou must have seen our great need and come to guide us toward the right goal. Speak now!

THE PROPHECY

[*As the Eagle points out the opportunities, one girl at a time accepts the challenge and goes and takes her place as a star in the huge service flag.*]

EAGLE—From a far-off land of mysteries and secrets, where the bewitching Fates hang over their huge caldrons stirring the contents rhythmically day and night and mumbling strange incantations, in a weird, gloomy light, against which their drawn, aged, disheveled figures are silhouetted, I come at last to the home of the ones dear to me; the ones who have called on me to guide and direct their ways and to reveal to them the mysteries of the future. I come

gladly! In the dark yet transparent shadows of my mighty wings as I soared over hill and meadow, desolate lands and towering skyscrapers, the opportunities that the Fates had decreed lay open before me. "Sure enough," I thought to myself, "here is where my children shall find their places of service that they are so anxious to fill."

In the dark, uncivilized regions of Africa my heart went out to the helpless little children whose lives were being wrecked by the ignorance of the fathers and mothers. No, the Light had not reached them. Couldn't one of my girls give her life to this? What joy would come from it!

Bessie Stanton—That's a cause that has appealed to my heart thru all these years. I'm sure that's my call.

Eagle—And on and on I flew, scanning the wide expanse for a glimpse of the dire needs in these strenuous days of war and commotion. It was in France that a hospital loomed up in its bigness, with its doors flung open and the sign of the Red Cross above them. The nurses were scarce, I found out, and even more soldiers could be cared for if there were more help. They were looking toward America and to Meredith, I thought.

Essie Martin—Oh, I had never thought of such an opportunity!

May Carter—Why, I'd love to.

Eagle—I came the next day to a quaint little French village which seemed to swarm with women and children. There was restlessness and sorrow imminent, and as I hovered near I saw where the trouble lay. The women were helpless and at their wits' end to provide food and clothing for themselves and the little ones. Some one to organize them, to give them work to do, to teach them simple lessons in economy, and help them make both ends meet, would solve the problem.

Hattie Beasley—This is a wonderful way in which to give to others the benefit of my training in Home Economics.

Eagle—Before I left the pitiful sight of war-stricken France, I looked once more for opportunities in which girls could be useful. It was not a search, however, for the Y. W. C. A. was busily engaged in every part of France, and I easily saw that an increase of workers would bring about the natural result—an increase of good ministered.

Annie Brackett—The war has wrought many changes, and I surely find one in me.

Myrtle Heinzerling—Well, I'm sure I couldn't find a better way to serve anywhere.

Eagle—When I glided by the great Statue of Liberty and alighted in the

little town behind it, a feeling of comfort came over me, for I was home once again in the land of right and freedom. "Now," I said to myself, thoughtfully, "I must open my eyes here for still further fields of service. In this great land of ours my girls must be represented in all the various undertakings." Surely among all those clear-thinking girls there'll be one or two who will stand out prominently in working for equal suffrage for women, I thought. Surely they believe in constant progress, and without the women it can do nothing.

Lettie Howard—Ever since our Suffrage League was established here in school I have pictured myself in the years to come working for that cause.

Carmen Rogers—I believe that's my field, too.

Eagle—In Washington, as elsewhere, men had left their posts to "join the colors," and their places were being filled with young women. The Government's big money matters require many minds and hands, so my mind turned as usual to you. Isn't there one who would love to join the ranks of business women?

Myra Olive—Well, one never knows just what he will do next. It does appeal to me, though.

Eagle—As I swooped down late one afternoon, just at sunset, before a quiet little cottage in a small village, I was attracted by a large service flag which with "Old Glory" floated before the door, while on the porch sat an aged couple. Their expressions were drooped with anxiety and distress. Their only son was "Somewhere in France." A bright companion would help. A girl could ward off these lonely times of thought and banish a lot of heartache just by her sunny self.

Ruth Trippe—May be I could help. I'd love to try, anyway.

Eagle—Here and there—in fact, in nearly every city and town women were being asked to work for the Red Cross. One of you girls could teach a surgical dressing class and help make the organization a success in your home town, or some might go out and organize the women in towns which are not active. *Mobilize the women!* is the slogan. Let them do what they can to win the war.

Abscilla Bunch—That will be fine! I should like for my course here to count for something.

Irene Mullen—I guess there can't be too many working along this line.

Eagle—But you mustn't forget that the children cannot be neglected. Their education must continue, and neither must it lag. Good, strong, intelligent teachers are needed on every side. Haven't some of you equipped yourselves for such service?

Ethel Parker—In that my greatest dream will be realized.

Maybelle Nall—That's the one thing I believe I can do best.

Jeannette Current—And I can apply my knowledge of rural schools.

Eagle—But, children, I'm afraid that I have given you the idea that service means something big—to leave home, to be in the public eye, and to hold some responsible position. You could do nothing greater—some of you—than to stay at home and cheer and comfort father and mother; for they feel this terrible war very keenly.

Annie Mercer—I'm sure my first duty lies at home.

Kate Matthews—I, too, feel that I could help more there than in other phases of service.

Eagle—Away off from here, borne along by the four winds, I came upon a very recently established hospital which lacked only a dietitian, a playground which would be the making of a whole community of children if a supervisor could just be found, and a boarding school all in readiness except for a lady principal. Surely, there is some one to fill this position, because for four years some of you have envied Miss Paschal's privilege to reign supreme. Now your opportunity awaits you!

Earla Ball—I bid for the supervisor's place.

Beulah Bailey—Well, I'm glad you don't want the dietitian's place, 'cause that's what I'd rather do than anything else.

Grace Olive—With the inspiration that I have received from Miss Paschal's noble career, I think I can fill the bill.

Eagle—For some reason, I cannot shake from my thoughts the picture of one of my girls engaged daily in the designing of present-day costumes. This girl that stands out so vividly in my mind is the very essence of fashion, yet her head is full of sensible ideas and plans for conservation dresses and "Wear-ever" hats. Who is she?

Mary B. Ashcraft—I think I'm the one! Why, I have trimmed my hat over for five seasons.

Eagle—Some of you must give to the world the great expressions of the emotions aroused in these never-to-be-forgotten days. Music must express these emotions, and I feel sure that there is one among you who is so gifted. Days have been spent over the mastering of that art. Will you not spread it broadcast?

Vivian Blackstock—Yes, indeed! Of course, I will. That's always been my highest ambition.

Eagle—And in the realm of art Meredith should contribute one of her accomplished daughters. The field is large and the applicants are few. Do your part in bettering the world in such a beautiful, impressive way.

Hettie Farrior—Though my accomplishments are few, I hope I can help the world appreciate beauty to a certain extent, anyway.

Eagle—But let me say, in all my wanderings, in all my keen observations, not yet have I found any one doing her bit or serving the world better than the beautiful home-maker. There are some whose places are in the home, and there they work unceasingly and untiringly. In their communities they stand for all that is good and noble, and lend a heart and hand whenever and wherever there is need. Among you there are some, I am sure, who will fill these places.

Janie Lyon—Oh, yes! do let me be one of them.

Effie Brown—May be as a home-maker I could help both in home and church, with my meager musical ability.

Helen Byrd Aydlett—I know of no other place where I could so well apply my courses in Cooking and Household Management.

Ellen Brewer—Though I have imagined myself in many different fields of service, I will gladly trust my future to our guardian eagle.

Curtain.

ACT III

[*Soldier girls are busy packing up tent and other equipment preparing to leave.*]

Chorus—

Get your kit and start to packing,
Your journey now to begin.
Fill the corners all with gladness,
Many smiles put in.
Add some pep and faith undaunted,
For we shall need every bit;
Then a dash of Senior dignity
To make complete our kit.

Soldier A (*helping others take up a large roll representing a Liberty Bond*)—What shall we do with this? Surely, we are not going to take it with us.

Captain—Why, let's leave that to the College as a token of our affection.

All—Fine!

Chorus—

OUR LIBERTY BOND

This Liberty Bond we gladly leave to thee,
A bond of our love that will last eternally.
It stands for Uncle Sam, Class of Eighteen, and M. C.,
For now in our hearts are linked the causes of all three.

Soldier B—Haven't we some other things to leave, too? What's to become of all our Senior privileges and things like that?

Soldier C—Oh, we thought of all that long ago, and planned how we'd dispose of our possessions. Testator, in the presence of these witnesses, read our will.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

We, the Senior Class of Meredith College of the session 1917-18, having been pronounced by Dr. Delia Dixon-Carroll and Dr. Freeman to be in good health and sound mental condition, knowing that the glory of being Seniors must soon pass away, and desiring to make a discriminating disposal of our earthly possessions, both tangible and intangible, and to perpetuate some of the briliant ideas that have filtered into our minds during our days and nights of toil and study here, do hereby make and publish this our last will and testament.

First. We wish to commend and dedicate our future hopes and prospects, which our eagle has so cunningly revealed, to the service of our country—a country whom we are proud to call our own, and whose principles we will righteously and eternally uphold.

Second. We give and bequeath to the College itself, our beloved Alma Mater, Liberty Bonds to the value of two hundred dollars, and a Flag of our Country. We desire that the flag shall be raised over the College; that as it floats on the winds it may proclaim to the world the undying loyalty of Meredith College and her daughters to the sacred principles of human liberty, brotherhood, and righteousness. The Liberty Bonds we leave in the hands of the President, to be placed with such permanent funds of the College as he may see fit.

Third. To Dr. Brewer, our distinguished President, we leave our admiration of his splendid manhood and scholarship, our gratitude for his faithfulness and patience with us, and the assurance that we shall always be true to our Alma Mater and her noble ideals and purposes.

Fourth. To Miss Colton, the honored head of the English Department, we present our profound respect for her scholarship and our gratitude for her skill and thoroughness as a teacher. We wish also to record our appreciation of the splendid work she has done in helping to establish a genuine standard for Women's colleges in the South and our pride in her position as President of the Southern Association of College Women.

Fifth. We bequeath to Miss Smith of the Department of History and Education our gratitude for her excellent work in the classroom, for her broad sympathies, and for her generous assistance in many ways both to her students and to the College in general. We deeply regret that she now severs her connection with the College, and we shall always be grateful that it was our privilege to be numbered among her students.

Sixth. To Son, the guardian angel of the College, the supreme potentate of the Infirmary, we leave mixed emotions of fear and faith. We extend to her also our gratitude and the assurance that she will always hold a warm place in our memories.

Seventh. To the Junior Class, the new-made lords of the College world, we hereby give and devise all rights by us heretofore held, to be called Seniors. Along with this highly prized title we bequeath the proverbial Senior dignity and privileges—a legacy which from time immemorial has been transmitted from Senior Class to Junior Class.

Eighth. To our successors, the Seniors of '19, we also wish to bequeath our most valuable asset, a possession which has rendered marked service in all class activities during our four years sentence here, has enabled us to accomplish great things for the cause of humanity, and has brought us triumphant to this gala-day—the harmonious spirit which has ruled supreme over the Class of '18.

Ninth. To our Sophomores, our dearly beloved sister classmates, we wish to leave an expression of our deepest gratitude for the beautiful daisy chain, which we believe to be an unending chain symbolic of their love for us, and which, in turn, we wish to be symbolic of our undying love for them. We feel a peculiar pride and happiness as we see them entering into the realm of Juniority, and we are assured that they will assume the proper air and dignity fitting to upperclassmen, and especially to Juniors.

Tenth. To the Freshmen, who no longer will have to bear this belittling appellation, we extend our heartiest congratulations in their attainment of the long desired goal—the position of Sophomores; and our only advice to them is that, as Sophomores, they will walk in the straight and narrow path of rectitude, looking neither to the right at the Freshmen nor to the left at the Freshmen with critical eyes and mischievous, plotting minds.

Eleventh. Again to the Seniors-to-be, we devise and bequeath all camp implements and equipment, all pots, pans, kettles, and dangerous weapons, known to the military world as guns, but in our vocabulary as books and quiz pads. They are to be used wisely and discreetly and not too frequently, and the results, while astonishing, will be entirely satisfactory and successful.

Lastly. We do nominate and appoint the President, Dean, and Bursar to be the executors of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the Class of '18, the testators, have to this our will, written on one sheet of parchment, set our hand and seal, this twentieth day of May, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred eighteen.

TESTATOR.

CHORUS— SERVICE SONG

Place a star for us, a star for us,
In Meredith's service flag.
We'll shine as brightly as we can;
In nothing will we lag.
And we'll make this old world better
And drive away old Mars,
For our hearts are full of sunlight
And our flag is full of stars.

Oh, college life's the one for us!
There 're good times by the score,
With parties, serenades, and games.
Pray, how could we wish more?
Just when we're feeling down and out
A holiday rolls 'round,
And to the movies we can go
If the picture's of renown.

'Tis fine to be a movie star
Or prima donna fair,
To win applause from all the crowd
And bouquets everywhere;
Or to be a nurse on battlefield
And win a lot of fame;
But we don't care for all these things,
For what is in a name?

'Tis fine to be society girls
And while the hours away,
And go to parties, theaters,
And dances every day;
To dress as fine and live as high
As millionaires and kings;
But now we think we've had enough
Of all these flippant things.

CURTAIN.

CHORUS— FAREWELL SONG

Meredith, the days we've spent with thee
Cherished will always be.
Though we go beyond thy loving care,
Thy interests we will always share.

CHORUS:

O Meredith, farewell to thee.
Thy praises, mother dear, we'll always sing.
Where'er we go, whate'er we do,
To thee, our Alma Mater, we'll be true.

Meredith, our training camp, we tell
To thee our last farewell.
With thy guidance, love and wisdom, too,
Now we go forth our duties to do.

[*Soldier girls march in maypole fashion, entwining their colors around the globe.*]

CHORUS—

Hand over hand in a linked band we forge the enduring chain.
Though our lives lie apart in home or mart, we'll ne'er be alone again;
For if service ranks the same with God, in service we all are one.
Oh! the year's at the Spring, and the day's at the morn, and our day it has just begun.

Senior Class Poem

Behold! the Gates of Life stand open wide!
It is the morning of our own bright Day,
And just within the gates a star awaits
To guide our footsteps on our upward way.
Come, sisters of this season's class,
And let us hand in hand as comrades go
Out on the Life Road with its visions bright,
To follow where our star leads with its glow.

Celestial vision, ideal nobly great,
Lead on! We joyously will follow thee.
The morning glory of our Day just born
Gives promise of sweet service yet to be.
It shall become our will, when clouds may come,
To make each earth-born shadow of our skies
Prophetic, not of darkness and despair,
But of a day which joy underlies.

Thou Guide and Ruler of our destinies,
Whatever be Thy plan for us, 'tis meet.
Perfect Thy plan, be it or small or great,
And make in us fulfillment all complete.
Gleam on, thou star of wondrous, glorious sheen,
And shed thy radiance in a tender ray.
We shall go on from strength to strength. Thy light
Gleams bright in the evening of our Day.

SECOND LIBERTY LOAN 1917

ILLINOIS

Junior Class

Officers

Beulah Joyner . . . . . *President*
Elsie Brantley . . . . . *Vice President*
Estelle Ray . . . . . *Secretary*
Annie Gibson . . . . . *Treasurer*

Members

Elsie Brantley
Kathleen Covington
Lois Dickson
Annie Gibson
French Haynes
Celia Herring
Mary Belle Herring
Madeline Higgs
Ella Johnson
Beulah Joyner
Katie Murray
Mary Claire Peterson
Estelle Ray
Elsie Riddick
Lillian Stafford
Inez Watkins

Joyner	Brantley	Gibson	Ray
Johnson	Riddick	Higgs	Haynes
Herring, M.	Covington	Peterson	Dickson
Herring, C.	Stafford	Watkins	Murray

Junior Class Poem

Oh, come, ye Juniors brave and true,
For what have we to fear?
Come, we have fought a valiant fight
And passed a happy year.
Oh, come! Give praise around the shrine
Of our Immortal Queen.
Let all our hearts with love entwine.
All hail! Spirit Nineteen!
We'll ne'er forget our guiding star.
By each her light is seen;
From near and far we'll worship thee.
All hail! Spirit Nineteen!

.20

Marguerite Maddry, *President*

Eugenia Thomas, *Vice President*

Lillie May Aycock
Madge Daniels
Eva Dean
Berta Hocutt
Ophelia Johnson

Avarie Martin
Frank Martin
Loula Stone
Ruby White

Kate Capple
Carrie Floyd
Marjorie Hannah
Mae Hardy
Gladys Woody

Mamie Carroll, *Secretary*

Irene Money, *Treasurer*

Dorothy Bland
Blanche Burke
Mary Ida Butler
Vernie Eddins
Vera Eller
Mattie Gunter
Gladys Hatcher
Mary Sue Hunt
Lillie Lackey
Mae McMillan
Rose Martin
Frances Johnston
Lelia Taylor
Fannie Turlington
Sarah Floyd
Mary Gardner
Bessie Lee Nicholson

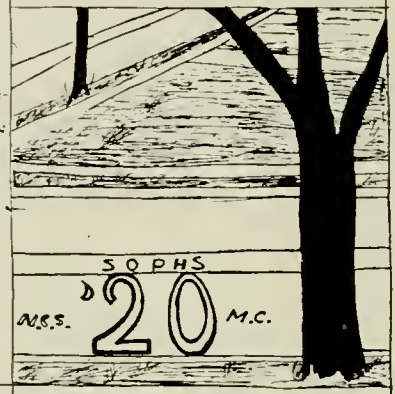
SOPHOMORE RED LETTER DAYS

Sept. 11

The newish receive a warm welcome.

Oct. 1

In this sign we conquer.



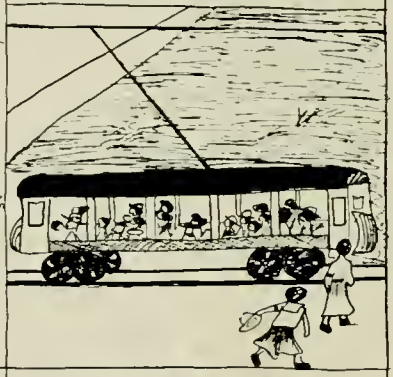
Sept. 12

Our first class meeting.

Oct. 8

"Who said that the seniors, they just got no style?"

"They took us out to Lawrence mill."



Sept. 13

The Sophs give a serenade in honor of the newish

"The night shall be filled with music"

Oct. 22

"We have helped by buying bonds of liberty"

Oct. 31

"Hallowe'en is for the Sophomores"

May 21

Farewell to our Seniors

"The jewel was a lesser joy in wearing that cost a lesser agony to lose"

Nov. 24

STUNT NIGHT

Humane Cartoons

May 22

The end

May 20

Gathey ye Daisies while ye may, The Seniors are still a-waiting

1920

"We are now becoming what we hope to be"

F. Johnston

Sophomore Class Poem

Good night! What fools these mortals be
Who live around and fail to see
The glory of that mighty class
Which has the power of auto gas
And hot air, too!

It can't be stumped with work or fun,
Nor does it fail to make a pun
Of things which others weep about,
And, wailing, say they're down and out
Forevermore!

It's got the rep, it's got the pep,
It's got the grit, and keeps the step:
It's all around the best I know,
And makes its way (though ever slow)
This old world thru!

Just ask the newish what's its name,
Its kind of work, and rate of fame:
I'm sure they'll pale and say, with fear:
"I know! 'Tis Meredith's greatest seer—
The Sophomore!"

1920

FORWARD-MARCH!

Freshman Class

Officers

Lidie Penton	*President*
Eleanor Beasley	*Vice President*
Annie Smith	*Secretary*
Louise Fleming	*Treasurer*

Members

Berthal Allen
Cornelia Ayres
Esther Allsbrook
Anna Bell Bridger
Evelyn Bridger
Christine Bridger
Eleanor Beasley
Ethel Beal
Sallie May Beal
Bessie Bangart
Mary Lily Blalock
Juanita Butler
Annie Hall Beaty
Jeanette Biggs
Gladys Beam
Elizabeth Cullom
Moultrie Drake
Mary Lee Caldwell
Susie F. Copeland
Annie Clifford
Flora Canady
Elizabeth Edwards
Lillian Franklin
Ellen French
Louise Fleming
Katherine Gibbs
Lizzie Gordon
Marie Gatling
Marion Haslip
Beth Huntley
Edna Earl Hinton
Ivie Horne
Olga Hamrick
Thelma Humphrey
Lucille Irvin
Christine Judd
Mary Lynne Judd
Nellie Johnston
Pearl Lloyd
Mary Helen Milliken
Mary Johnson
Emma Louise Kehoe
Lula Kennedy
Lelan Kendrick
Mary Hazel Long
Kathleen Latham
Bessie Lee
Alberta Lamm
Gertrude Laughlin
Alice McKoy
Jamie Mauney
Elizabeth Norwood
Berthal Odom
Lidie Penton
Flora Parker
Margaret Pope
Louise Powell
Ova Patterson
Foy Peele
Cornalie Parker
Emma Reece
Hattie Royster
Sudie Rhodes
Sadie Sherrod
Frances Swain
Elma Stevens
Margaret Stroud
Gladys Steel
Sybil Smith
Annie Lloyd Smith
Blanche Thompson
Ellen Uzzell
Corita Wade
Edna Wallace
Clara Williams
Mildred Watkins
Josie Ruth Wheeler
Mary White
Mildred Youngblood
Thelma Yelvington

The Freshman Class

Freshman Class Poem

Sad, sad the day,
And yet 'twas clear.
On such a day
We landed here.
And since that day
We've ne'er forgot
The trials of
The Freshman's lot.

Our heads were high,
Our bearing free.
We said, "That school
Shall conquered be."
But since that day
We've ne'er forgot
The sadness of
The Freshman's lot.

Though high our heads,
We found too late
That nothing dwelt
Within that Fate
The Faculty
Had not forgot
To lay it on
The Freshman's lot.

But let that pass—
How days do fly!
And Soph'more bliss
Approaches nigh.
Time will progress
If brains will not.
Rejoice ye in
The Freshman's lot.

Organizations

Going West

The long, gray shadows of evening
In silence are sinking to rest;
A solemn hush as at parting,
For the sun is Going West.

The muffled oar of the boatman
On the ocean's quivering breast;
A deathlike hush, and the parting,
For our boys are Going West.

The deep, black midnight of sorrow,
Then morn o'er the rose-tinted crest;
A holy calm, but no parting—
For our hearts are Going West.

MAMIE CARROLL, '20

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Student Government Association Officers

Ellen Brewer, President

Ella Johnson, Vice President

Beulah Joyner, Secretary

Jeannette Current, Treasurer

Annie Brackett
Carmen Rogers

Myrtle Heinzerling
Ruth Trippe

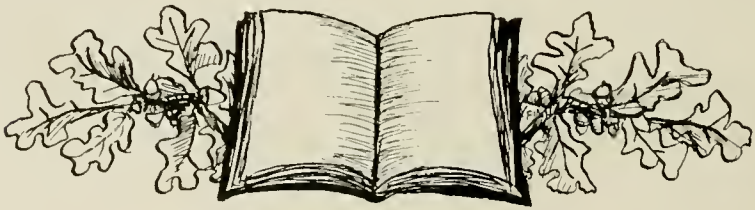
Abscilla Bunch
Annie Gibson

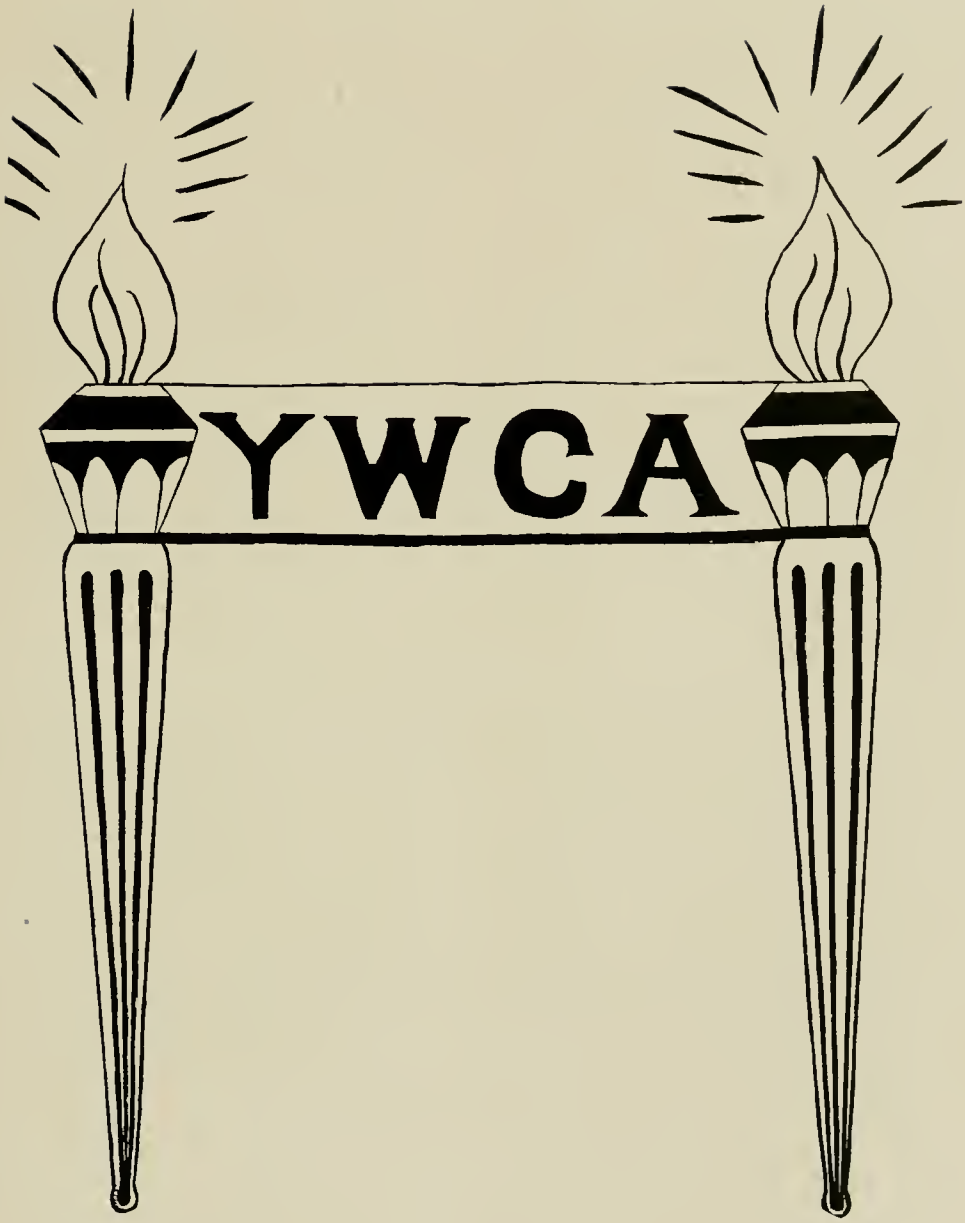
Student Government Association
1917-'18

In many respects the year 1917-'18 has been the most encouraging in the Student Government Association. While the ideals toward which it has been working through all these years have not been fully realized, there has been a steady advance. This is seen in the fact that there have been very few practical problems during the year. With the elimination of the Academy, the Association has been enabled to "grow up" along with the College. An increased maturity and a realization of the responsibility of every member have been evident in the student body. Naturally, as the students are proving themselves more and more capable of governing themselves they are being given an extension of freedom.

There seems to have been an increased interest in the Student Government Association as an organization, too. Regular monthly meetings have been held, at which various problems of social interest have been discussed. These discussions have proved interesting and helpful. Among other things, an effort has been made to develop loyalty to the Association and to the College.

And so it is believed that this, the twelfth year of its existence in Meredith, has been for the Student Government Association another step forward in its progress. It is hoped that in the future it may rise to even greater success, that it may mean more and more to the students in the process of character-building, and that it may become a more vital part of the college life.




YWCA

Y. W. C. A. Officers

Beulah Bailey, President

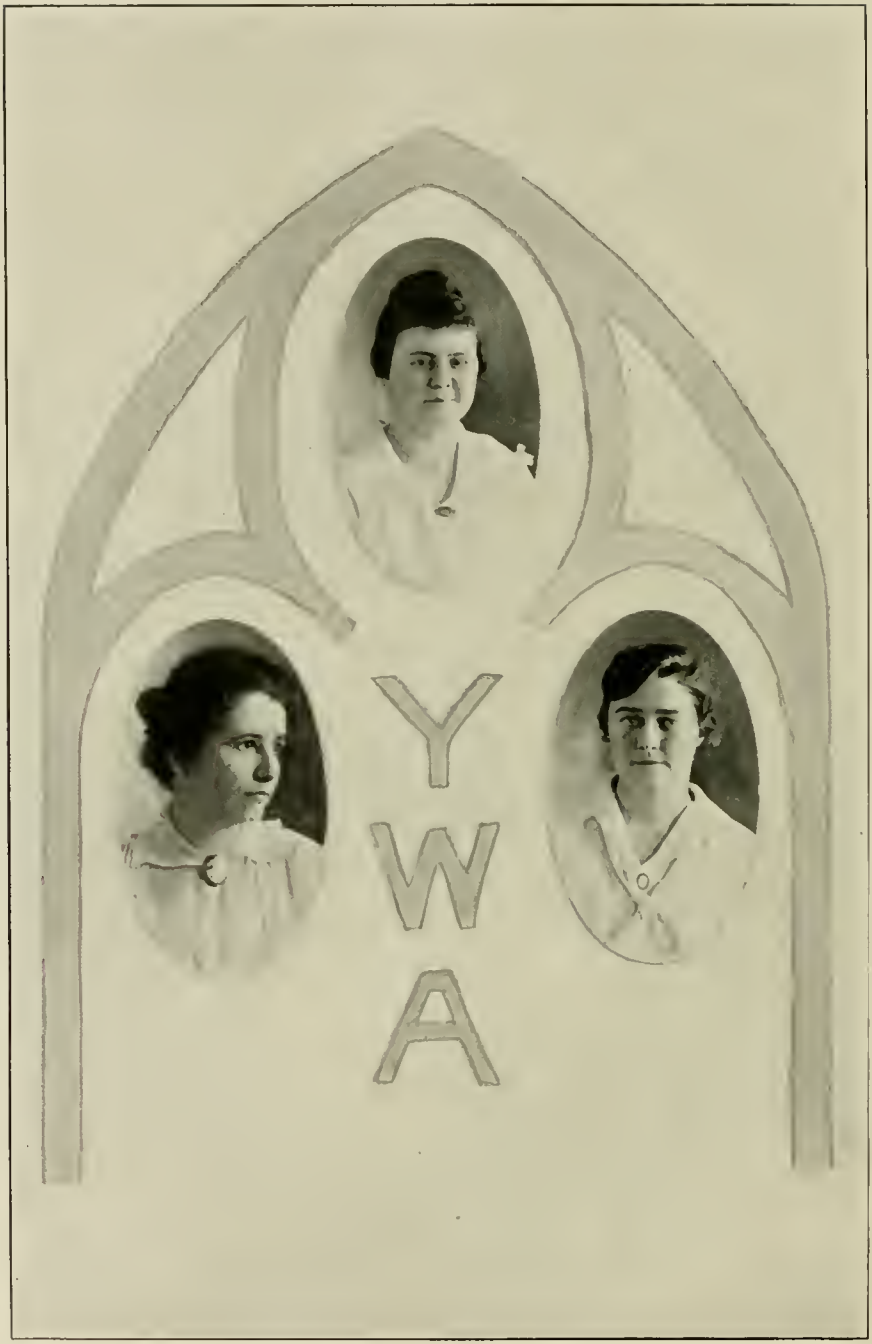
Cel a Herring, Vice President

Katherine Matthews, Secretary

Myrtle Heinzerling, Treasurer

Earla Ball, Devotional Committee — Celia Herring, Membership Committee
Lillie May Aycock, Bible Study Committee — Ellen Brewer, Publicity Committee
Lois Miller, Social Service Committee
Elsie Riddick, Blue Ridge Committee — Madeleine Higgs, Music Committee
Mary Norwood, Social Committee — Frank Martin, Poster Committee

Y. W. A. Officers

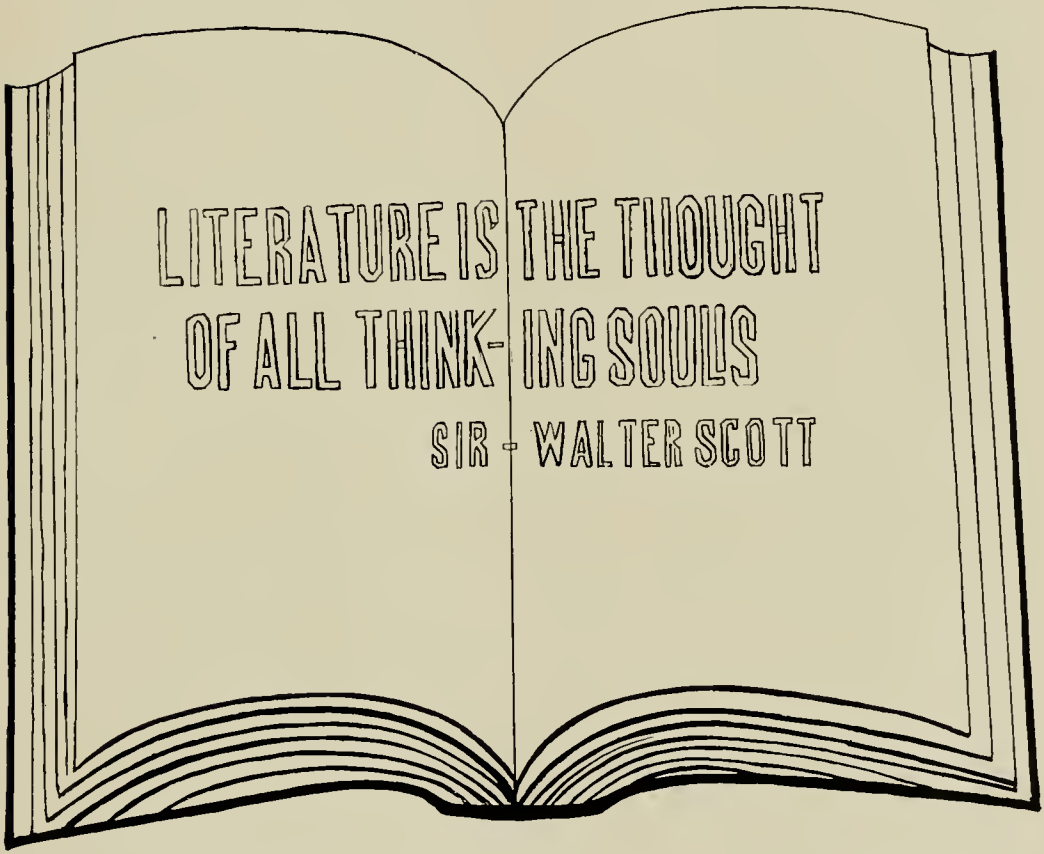


May Carter, President

Annie Brackett, Secretary-Treasurer

Jeannette Current, Vice President

LITERARY SOCIETIES



Astrotekton Officers

May Carter, President

Ruth Trippe, Vice President

Madeleine Higgs, Secretary

Elsie Riddick, Treasurer

Astrotekton Society Hall

Astrotekton Society Song

See thy children, Mother Astro, sisters of the Gold and White,
Bow before thee in thy beauty—thankful for thy wondrous light;
So, we bring our girlhood treasures, and we lay them at thy feet,
Waiting for thy benediction and thy bidding, always sweet.

Astro, Mother Astro,
From the mountains to the sea
We have come in trust and gladness
To be led by thee.

Now we feel thy hands upon us—hands so loving and so strong
That the touch fills every daughter with a purpose and a song.
Lift your heads, Astro maidens; look into her star-lit eyes,
Then go forth to love and duty with a zest that never dies.

Astro, Mother Astro,
Here's our love that grows not old;
See us rally 'round thy banner—
Dear old White and Gold.

Philaretian Society Officers

Earla Ball, President

Harriet Beasley, Vice President

Mary Claire Peterson, Secretary

Annie Brackett, Treasurer

Philaretian Society Song

[Air: *The Marseillaise*]

O Philaretians, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! the faithful bid you rise!
Past triumphs told in song and story
Bid you press on to win the prize.
And lo! thy daughters, Philaretian,
Thy glory bright will e'er uphold.
New fame shall future days unfold
And thou shalt triumph all victorious.

Then rise and glory win,
Take up thy laurels fair.
Then raise, oh! raise all voices high
In Philaretian praise.

Press onward with your chief to glory,
Your violet banner raise on high;
Oh, linger none, but sing the story,
The boast and pride of every Phi.
The story of our Philaretian,
So brave and true—the College pride,
And standing nobly by her side,
Together we press on to victory!

Astrotekton Commencement Marshals

Ethel English
Chief Marshal

Annie Mercer

Ella Johnson

Madeline Higgs

Philaretian Commencement Marshals

Mary Claire Peterson
Chief Marshal

Rosa Wishart

Vivian McNeil

Annie Parker

Medal Winners, 1917

Mary Lynch Johnson
Carter-Upchurch Memorial Medal

Blanche Tabor
Bowling Memorial Medal

Janie Lyon, Editor-in-Chief
Kate Matthews, Assistant Editor-in-Chief
Mary Claire Peterson } Junior Editors
Ella Johnson }

Jeannette Current, Business Manager
Lettie Howard, Assistant Business Manager
Lillie May Aycock } Sophomore Editors
Mamie Carroll }

The Difference It Makes

Only a river between them,
Only a few short rods,
Only that narrow "No Man's Land"
That keeps them apart, man from man,
On that blood-washed Western sod.
Yet farther apart than night from day
Are they, though hand to hand they touch
And face to face on battlefields lie;
For they are divided by an infinite wall.
The wall of hate!

Far over the rolling billows
The angry, mumbling ocean,
Miles on miles into the West,
Away from home, the land of the blest,
Our boys have gone from us.
Yet, though they are thousands of miles away,
We can easily touch their dear, warm hands,
And only by bending, kiss their brow;
For near are we through that infinite bond,
The bond of love!

MAMIE CARROLL, '20

ATHLETICS

Athletic Association Officers

Katherine Matthews, President

Lettie Howard, Vice President

Essie Martin, Secretary

Eunice Homewood, Treasurer

Belle Elam, Chief Rooter

Senior Basket-Ball Team

Essie Martin, Captain

Ethel Parker
Maybelle Nall
Lettie Howard
May Carter
Katherine Matthews
Earla Ball

Junior Basket-Ball Team

Lillian Stafford
Celia Herring

Ella Johnson
Beulah Joyner, Captain

French Haynes
Lena Bullard

Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

Eunice Homeward, Captain

Mattie Gunter
May Hardy
Irene Money
Marjorie Hannah
Mae McMillan
Avery Martin

Freshman Basket-Ball Team

Hattie Royster, Captain

Sybil Smith
Elma Stevens
Alberta Lamm
Lillian Franklin

Tennis Teams

Senior Team

Sophomore Team

Junior Team

Freshman Team

Tennis Champions, 1917

Minnie Nash

Ella Johnson

Field Day

Ribbon Winners in Gymnastic Exhibition 1917

Events and Winners

FIRST HONOR		SECOND HONOR
	Dumb Bells	
Louise Bloxham		Celia Herring
	Wands	
Lydia Josey		May Carter
	Irish Lilt	
Ethel Parker		Irene Mullen
	Barn Dance	
Candace Dees		Mamie Carroll
	Roundel—"The Wind"	
Mary Claire Peterson		Mildred Beasley
	Swedish Work	
Eunice Homewood		Mary Gardner

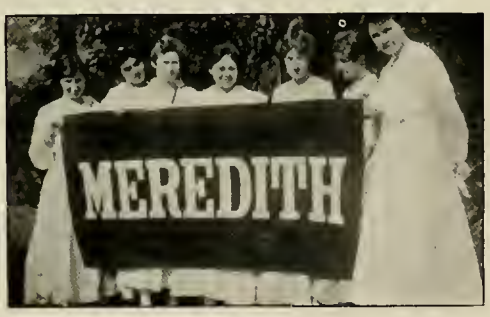
Monograms Awarded

Annie May Ashcraft . . . . . *Basket-ball*
Mary Claire Peterson . . . . . *Basket-ball*
Ella Johnson . . . . . *Tennis*
Minnie Nash . . . . . *Tennis*
Irene Mullen . . . . . *Gymnasium Attendance*

Stars Awarded

Beulah Joyner . . . . . *Basket-ball*

Blue Ridge Scenes



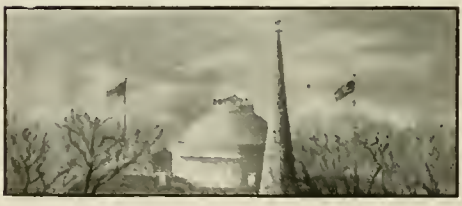
Summer

Sunlit fields and dancing shadows,
Buds and flowers of every hue,
Distant scenes of woods and meadows
Topped by cloudless sky of blue—
Brilliant all and fair.

Balmy whiffs of fresh-mown clover,
Daisies springing into bloom,
Nature's life the whole world over
Giving out its sweet perfume—
Fragrance in the air.

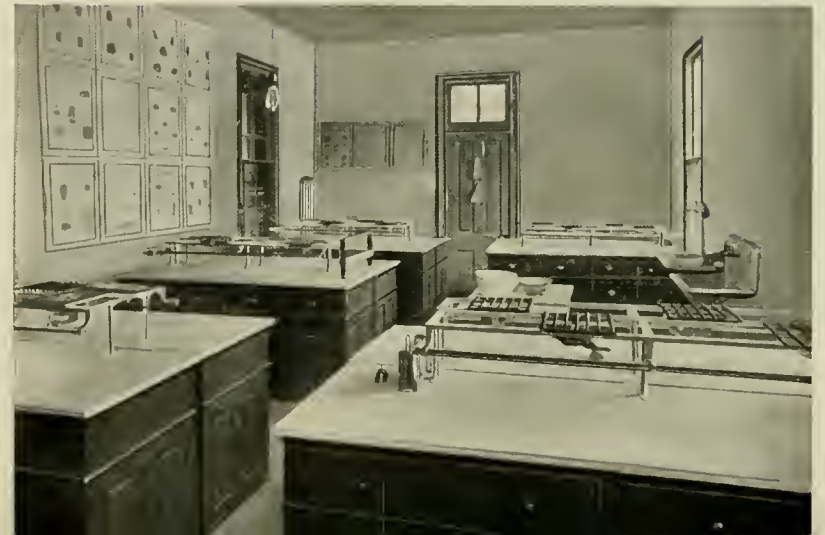
Trickling brooks and streams unending,
Leaflets stirring in the breeze,
Crickets' calls the medley blending,
Chirping birds and buzzing bees—
Summer everywhere!

ELLEN DOZIER BREWER, '18



College Life

KOLLEGE KORNERS



CLUBS
MFJ.

Frolic

Fun

Festivity

Celia Herring Valeria Green

In the Land of the Sky

As We Really Are—

Miss Flossie Marshbanks, of the Faculty

Kate Shipman
Annie Brackett
Vivian Blackstock
Lillian Franklin
May Carter
French Haynes
Essie Martin
Gladys Lewis
Olga Hamrick
Sarah Taylor
Ova Patterson
Selma Reeves

In the Land of the Sky

As People Think We Are—

LIVING MEMBERS OF THE WHACKUM FAMILY

Whackum Idiot	Vivian Blackstock
Pa Whackum	Kate Shipman
Spot (*The Whackum Dawg*).	
Baby Whackum	Selma Reeves
Ma Whackum	Annie Brackett
Sis Whackum	Olga Hamrick
Sal Whackum	Sarah Taylor
Sandy, Andy — *Twin Whackums*	Lillian Franklin, Ova Patterson
Clementine, Emeline, Palestine — *Triplet Whackums*	French Haynes, May Carter, Essie Martin
Bud Whackum	Gladys Lewis
Miss Amelia Louise Johnston (*Village schoolma'am*)	Miss Marshbanks
William Whackum (*formally Bill, pride of family and town constable*)	Nona Moore

Dell Club

Colors: Old Gold and Black. Flower: Dogwood.

Here's to our girls, our boys—
To those we love right well;
Here's to days past, to days to come,
And best of all,
Here's to Dell!

Mary Floyd
Gladys Hatcher
Dixie Herring
Pattie Herring
Berta Hocutt
Clara Johnson
Hannah Moore
Katie Murray
Nellie Olive

Equal Suffrage League

Madeleine Higgs
Juanita Arnette
Earla Ball
Margaret Joyner
Hattie Royster
Lelia Taylor
Beulah Joyner
Mattie Gunter
Madge Daniels
Gladys Woody
Johnnie Lou Davis
Berta Hocutt
Gladys Hatcher
May Carter
French Haynes
Marian Haislip
Emma Reece
Bessie Lee Nicholson
Ethel Parker

Louise Powell
Elma Stevenson
Eunice Homewood
Myra Olive
Coralie Parker
Elizabeth Norwood
Celia Herring
Kate Copple
Ellen Uzzle
Pearl Bowen
Ruth Trippe
Lillian Maxwell
Olivia Pettaway
Lillian Franklin
Louise Fleming
Beulah Bailey
Jeannette Current
Carmen Rogers

Annie Brackett
Berta Butler
Candace Dees
Vivian McNeil
Rosa Wishart
Essie Martin
Hattie Beasley
Maybelle Nall
Abscilla Bunch
Irene Mullen
Mary Norwood
Vivian Blackstock
Myrtle Heinzerling
Janie Lyon
Grace Olive
Bessie Stanton
Effie Brown
Mary Lee Caldwell

Lidie Penton
Eleanor Beasley
Flora Cannaday
Annie Smith
Mary Hazel Long
Estelle Ray
Lillian Stafford
Annie Parker
Clara Johnson
Dixie Herring
Kathleen Latham
Mary Lillie Blalock
Lillie May Aycock
Avarie Martin
Kate Matthews
Vernie Eddins
Dorothy Bland
Ruby White
Frances Swain

The beauty of a statue, a coin, or a flower is the same thing as the Beauty of a phrase or sentence: it requires the same taste to feel Pleasure in the lines of a sea-shell, or a fir-cone, as to enjoy the Mould of a fine sonnet or the build of a great poem. —*Butler.*

K. K. K. Members

Miss Poteat	Hettie Farrior	Kathleen Latham	Dora Squire
Miss Noble	Frances Johnston	Ethel Beal	Mary Williams
Mrs. McPherson	Frank Martin	Lucile Holmes	Mary Shields
Miss Boggess	Lillian Franklin	Maie Laton	Ruby Malone
Mrs. Richardson			Alice Little

Motto: "Konsistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

K. K. K.

A Studio Contribution

The Discobulus with the flags of the Allies in his hand looked martial, and there was more intensity than ever in his glance as he stood sentinel over pictures unusual in the studio, on April 22, 1918. The occasion was in honor of Hettie Farrior, the Art Senior of the year, and her friends, the Senior Class. But the girlish chatter had hushed; the dinner-bell had rung, and the conversation between the statues, which is vouchsafed to those who have the "listening ear," began. They were just recovering from their shocked amazement. Caricatures, Caricatures! . . . A spirit of mischief, fun, and skilled fingers had covered the walls with "Famous Masterpieces," and carved *The Thinker* with wonderful truthfulness of spirit and daring impudence. It was Venus (a woman, of course) who opened the conversation. "The audacity! Putting *this* right over my head! Botticelli never dreamed that he and I would be as flippantly treated. *The Birth of Venus,* indeed! And look at *Mona Lisa*—a simpering idiot instead of the intellectual expression of the Renaissance!"

Moses, flanked on one side by the *Duchess of Devonshire* and *Don Borro* on the other, turned his bewildered eyes from the red hair of the Duchess, only to have them fall on the coquettish "Widow Wadam." Moses' anger waxed hot. "Verily, verily, this generation hath gone mad!"

"Oh, no," said Apollo. "Look with what appreciation *Sir Galahad, The Man with the Glove,* and *The Laughing Cavalier* are done, and that fish by Chase would make even a statue hungry."

"I don't know when I've had such a good time," said Donatello's *Laughing Boy.* "*Lord Ribblesdale* looks so cocksure, don't you know! — and I'm in love with *Innocence.* But if I could get off this shelf, how I would like to jump on the back of one of Mauve's wooly sheep, and scamper across those inviting fields. The only objection I have to the party is that they didn't use some of the pretty painted china, instead of just having ice-cream cones."

"I agree with you that it is all fine! fine!" said Achilles. "These studio girls are patriots. Would that my javelin had prepared the rich harvest of German helmets the *Gleaners* are so industriously gathering up. Oh, how I want to seize the flags they are carrying, and yell my enthusiasm for America and the Allies! I ——"

What's that? Dinner is over. The statues resume their poses. The Stars and Stripes, the Tricolor, and the English Jack nestle still closer together as they realize that Meredith girls are loving and honoring them in the midst of their college fun and duties, and believing in their final glorious triumph.

Kodak Club

Edna Earle Hinton

Sallie Sherrod
Gladys Beam
Mary Ellen Milliken

Josie Ruth Wheeler
Emma Louise Kehoe
Kathleen Latham

Time: Any old place.
Place: On the green grass.

T. K. B.

Hattie Beasley

Annie Parker Lillian Stafford

Beulah Bailey Mary B. Ashcraft Estelle Ray

V. Vs.

Seven Virginians
On Carolina sticks;
Earla's going home this year.
Then there'll be six.

Six Virginians
At Meredith survive;
Mary Gardner's going soon,
Then there'll be five.

Five Virginians,
And there ain't no more;
M. Hannah is the next to leave,
Then there'll be four.

Four Virginians
Once so full of glee;
Now they're sad, for Belle must leave,
When there'll be only three.

Three Virginians
Don't know what to do;
Lizzie Gordon's going next,
Then there'll be two.

Two Virginians—
Not a bit of fun;
M. Haislip has to leave, too,
Then there'll be one.

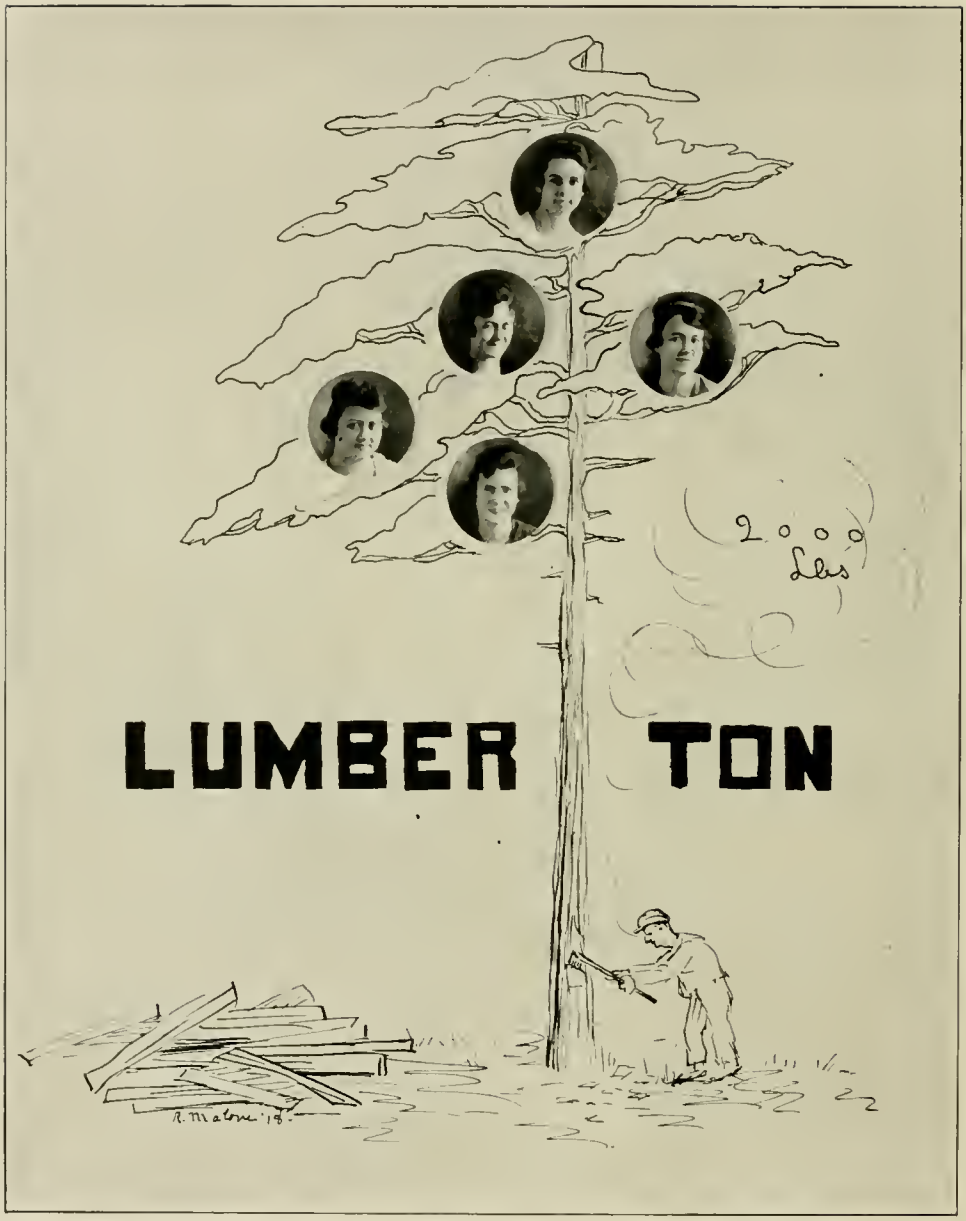
One Virginian,
Yet she's not forlorn.
It's Ellen French; she's going home,
Then we'll all be gone.

Down in Carolina,
Seven all in all.
We may be on the fence,
But we know just where to fall.

Peacock Club

Blanche Thompson, "Nellie"
May Thompson, "Dumps"
Mildred Watkins, "Millie"
Mary E. Williams, "Billie"
Ruth Ticknor, "Prof. Tick"
Elizabeth Huntley, "Tug"
Miss Bessie Boggess, Honorary Member

Lumberton Club



Vivian McNeil
Margaret Pope Mary Lee Caldwell
Jeanette Biggs Rosa Wishart

Sponsor Club

Blanche Burke Lois Dickson Mildred Watkins
Louise Maynard Lillian Stafford
Doris Jenkins Louise Fleming Bessie Lee Nicholson

Sampson County Club

Lettie Howard
Juanita Butler
Fannie Turlington

Celia Herring
Lucila Kelly
Annie Hall

Estelle Ray
Dixie Herring
Pattie Herring

Senior Camouflage

The Seniors wanted to have a club typical of the four years feats and defeats, and to make it more interesting they decided to camouflage the whole. The result is the above. It will be agreed that they have almost wholly mastered the art. In the upper left-hand corner you may not believe that a group of Seniors are harmonizing with a ukulele, so perfectly are the tones of both instrument and voice concealed. Just opposite this is another interesting Soph scene. Not even the Dean's eagle eye could distinguish the sly Sophs on their night raid. Below, in the left-hand corner, we would bid you seek to discover a group of us as Juniors, while just to the right note the look of eager anticipation on the faces of the Seniors. Not even the closest observer would be able to detect the chewing gum on the head of the bed. Scrutinize as you may, you will not see the dust under the bed nor the clothes piled in the dresser drawers. Camouflage has become a Senior art, faithfully practised for four years.

The Lay of the Last Doughnut

Introduction

The times were hard, the war was on:
The Doughnut's beauty all was gone.
Its golden coat was changed to white;
Its doughy inside, once so light,
Was subject fit to give the spells
O' colic, sounder of death-knells.
The hole, its sole unchanging part,
Remained a work of Richard's art.
The last of all Doughnuts was he
To tempt the empty——(don't you see?)
Of Annie, May, and others, too,
Who thought plain grits would never do.
For well-a-day! his date was fled;
Grim war-time hovered o'er his head,
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
In vain did wish to be at rest.
No longer served on silver dish,
Nor vied in frying with the fish.
No longer slid from pantry shelf
Into the pocket free from theft
Of Dorothy Blank, who loved all sweetmeats
Much more than kings their handsome throne seats.
Old times were changed, old manners gone,
And Corn Bread *sat upon the throne.*
The bread without a bit of grease,
A cake less sugar, light as fleece,
A lonely Doughnut, scorned and poor,
He lay above the kitchen door.

One day Cook Richard *chanced to see*
The Doughnut in obscurity,
And, shrieking loud, he ran post-haste
As if by monster he was chased.
"O madam! mistress!" cried he, shrill,
" 'Tis sure the De'il means us ill.
A Doughnut true my eyes have seen—
O Lord! what can the De'il mean?"
Miss Sallie came with startled face
And saw him in his lowly place.
She thought of Hoover working hard
To save the sugar and the lard;
She thought of dinners ages past
When doughnuts made the chief repast.
She took, in pity, the luckless cake
And shed a tear for old times' sake.

. . . . .

On silver dish the treasure lay;
Some cheese near by o'erheard him say:

Canto First

"In days of yore, when ladies fair
Would flock to hear the sages tear,
My fathers lived in joy and wealth—
Indeed, they had the best of health,
And were the cause of lots of stealth
Which mystified and drove insane
The members of the college train.
They swam in grease far 'bove their heads,
Had wheat in barrels for their beds,
Went dressed in sugar inches thick—
Enough to make poor Gracie sick
When from their number she did pick
A fat one; and on eating him
For weeks she shrinked up awful slim.

Canto Second

"But now all this is past and gone,
While only I am left alone!
The Wheat is on a trip to France.
Old Grease's price begins to prance.
And Sugar's guard is Hoover's lance.
Now I, the last of all my race,
Lie here ashamed to show my face!

. . . . .

"But only shall I stay disgraced
'Til Fritz's memory is effaced."

Lillie May Aycock, '20

Upstairs

Downstairs

"CHEER UP!"

Three Cheers!

Cheer One

The Faculty

Voluntary Services

Miss Landers volunteers to instruct the Kaiser in French. Joy go with him!

Miss Steele shows true patriotism in observing six voiceless days a week.

Dr. Freeman reluctantly bids farewell to Meredith and his many friends in Raleigh, feeling called to undertake the responsible position of stage manager in the wonderful new theater constructed for the amusement of the otherwise unoccupied soldiers along the Western Front.

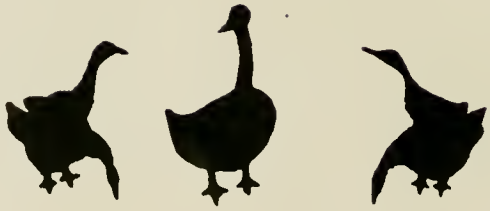
(Taken from the *International Encyclopedia.*)

Miss Paschal, Dean of Meredith College, has been called to be principal of Fort Myer. With her usual eager patriotism, she accepted immediately. Her daily office hours are 5 A.M.–11 P.M. At these hours she will grant permission to officers and privates to do *necessary* shopping in Washington—provided they are not in the guardhouse.

(Taken from the *Washington Post.*)

Statistics

Cutest	Miss Mary Shannon Smith
Fattest	Miss Marian Elizabeth Stark
Most Stylish	Miss Helen Marie Day
Sweetest	Miss Effie Landers
Most Sarcastic	Miss Mae Grimmer
Most Loquacious	Miss Mary Susan Steele
Most Unconscientious	Mr. John Henry Williams
Most Athletic	Miss Elizabeth Avery Colton
Most Dignified	Miss Laura W. Bailey
Most Musical	Miss Louise Richardson
Sauciest	Miss Helen Hull Law
Most Flirtatious	Mrs. Sarah Lambert Blalock
Most Easy-going	Miss Rosa Catherine Paschal
Best All-round	Miss Lydia May Boswell
Most Intellectual	Miss Ruth Tichnor



To the Highest Bidder

The Academic Council will sell at public auction. May 22, 1,000,000 yds. of RED TAPE.

Small amounts arranged in small packages to assist facility in handling.

Life's Desires

I. (*a*) A class of fifteen
   1. One bright pupil
   2. Fourteen to fuss at

   (*b*) Flunk 15 out of 17

II. Daily Bread (recipe)
   2c. Self-control
   10c. Smiles
   3½c. Unselfishness
   (Sweeten to taste with "Hon.")

III. (*a*) Milk a la stew-pan
   (*b*) Mitchell's suitcase
   (*c*) Errand girl

IV. (*a*) 365 lbs. of *crushed* easing
   (*b*) Bright colored bows (beaux)
   (*c*) Just-whenever-you-please laundry hours

V. (*a*) *Catalogy*
   (*b*) An invitation to do something for somebody
   (*c*) Strolls
   (*d*) Evergreen trenches

Cheer Two

The Students

Freshman Privileges

After taking into due consideration the fact that this year's Freshman Class has been such a perfect specimen—that it has contrived in every way to hold up the reputation of all preceding Freshman classes, and managed to establish certain rules of procedure, which, though before unheard of, are still admirably suited to all Freshman classes—and wishing to reward it, the Student Body of Meredith College has decided to grant all future Freshman classes the following privileges:

(1) The members may attend the nightly concerts given by the Sophomores during September and October.

(2) If any part of this concert should jar on the sensitive ears of any Freshman, it shall be considered perfectly legitimate for this one to cast any quantity of water upon the offender or offenders.

(3) The academic work may be arranged to suit those Freshmen who do not care to work in the afternoon.

(4) Ukuleles may be taken to class whenever these rising geniuses so desire.

(5) This class may use the Gym. court as a playground whenever no gymnasium classes are scheduled.

(6) A cordial invitation is extended the Freshmen to *Observe* during the Faculty-at-homes.

Idle Comments

Dr. Freeman: Miss Laton, can you tell me what is now regarded as the eighth wonder of the world?

M. Laton (*from her dreams*): Lucile Holmes.

Edna Wallace (*in consternation*): Why, I saw on the bulletin-board that all girls *must* be on the campus at 5:45, and I don't believe half the girls have left their rooms!

Thelma Lee (*hearing the fire-alarm while entertaining a stick on Monday afternoon*): Oh, there goes Miss Paschal's bell; guess you'll have to say goodbye.

And the stick stalked off and never knew the difference!

Newish Pope (*on French translation*): The dentist will probably have to distract one of my teeth.

I. Money: How do you get to Miss Saidie M. King's?

Newish Swain: Why, just take the radiator right inside the door, and you'll get there all right.

F. Turlington (*after Christmas*): Oh, I got a crocheted yoke, and a State College pillow!

M. Daniels: What!! A crocheted yoke from a State College fellow?

M. Norwood (*to policeman on Fifth Avenue*): This is Broadway?

Policeman: You don't say! No one ever told me *that* before.

F. Martin: What denomination is Miss Smith?

R. Martin: Oh, she's a conversationalist.

E. Ball: I saw a middy going down the street just now.

R. Wishart: Whose middy?

E. Ball: I don't know, but judging from the way she was hanging on to him, he belonged to that pretty girl with him.

TO THE ACADEMIC COUNCIL:

Ellen Brewer wishes permission to wear high shoes after March 15

QUESTION: What's the first thing that turns green in the *Fall?*
ANSWER: Freshmen.

NEWISH DRAKE: Girls, come on up to my room! I've got a grand box of petrified fruit.

To the Philarctian Society:
Please excuse me from Society Saturday night, as I was out on a week-inn.
SARA TAYLOR.

ANNIE CLIFFORD: My beau has just passed the State exam. and is going to get his license!
NEWISH FRENCH: You know you don't have to stand an exam. to get married!

C. ROGERS (*quoting*): "Love is like the morning dew; it is as apt to fall on the dog-kennel (fennel) as on the fairest flower in the garden."

MARY: What's the matter?
ISABELLA: Chemistry teacher is overcome by gas.
MARY: Where are you going? After the doctor?
ISABELLE: No; more gas.

The Class of '20 Honors the Class of '21

To the Newish, fresh and green, babyish and brassy, who have triumphed over the siege of fall and winter by bringing to us the greenness of spring in October and the refreshing showers of tears in November, thus rendering Meredith a verdant bower when all else was gray and icy, the present Sophomore Class dedicates a medal in token of their gratitude.

The obverse of their medal bears the image of a weeping infant and the reverse is set with one large emerald and bears the inscription, "Wherewith shall ye be salted?" It was the intention of the class to construct this work of art of green gold, but conditions made it necessary to substitute brass.

Cheer Three

That is for you to do

Last Will and Testament

We, the undersigned, do hereby bestow at large, namely, to the readers and the next year's Staff in particular, all our personal and real estate property, which we have not previously consumed, as an eternal, enduring monument of our labors:

First. A very appetizing war dish, by name a la Unexpected Expenses, garnished with 2,000 milligrams of Worries (rest consumed and digested by the undersigned).

Second. One camouflaged package, size ¼ x ½ in., of supersaturated, highly prized, overexhausted, solid ivory material labeled *Original Genius.*

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Fourth. The spirit of ravenous appreciation of the Oak Leaves of 1918, and a joyous adieu.

With very deep regrets that amount of said endowment is not larger, we hereby set our seal, this twentieth day of May, Anno Domini nineteen hundred and eighteen.

(Signed) The Editors.

Witnesses:

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Sighs.
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